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EVENTS OF THE WEEK

M. POINCARÉ's Sabbath exercises are not calculated to advance the cause of international peace. To do their author justice, there is no reason to suppose that they were designed for that purpose. At Villers-Cotteret last Sunday, as at Senlis the week before, the main feature of the French Premier's speech (elaborately explained by the Quai d'Orsay to have no relation whatever to the British declarations immediately preceding it) was an uncompromising hostility to one suggestion or another well known to be approved in British Government circles. How are we to interpret what is on the face of it mere mad-dog diplomacy? The meaning is unfortunately obvious enough. In July as in January, in February, and in every month since, it is the French Government's rôle to justify its desperate and disastrous enterprise by insisting that success is at last within grasp. There is, no doubt, sincerity in the confident predictions of the approaching end of German resistance, and it is the hope of it that encourages the French Government to spin out time as best it may and to gamble in incalculable risks, rather than disclose its whole Ruhr policy as a gigantic mistake.

MEANWHILE, there are increasing indications that Belgium is preparing to diverge from France,—at least, to the extent of sending Mr. Baldwin a more encouraging reply than M. Poincaré is likely to send. In this respect delay may bear some fruits. In Germany, on the other hand, the perils of delay are rapidly increasing. The rate of depreciation of the mark is a more important indication than its absolute depreciation; it is the increasing rate of depreciation which spells the decay of government. The mark is now worth only about one-tenth of what it was worth six weeks ago. Nothing like this ever happened even in Russia or in Austria at their worst. It is due mainly to the fact that the tax-revenue of the German Government has now sunk practically to zero (2 per cent. of the expenditure in the first ten days of July), whilst resistance in the Ruhr costs them a large sum measured in real resources; and partly to the undeniable financial incompetence of Dr. Hermes, the Finance Minister, and Herr Havenstein, the President of the Reichsbank. As a result, the Government is all

but bankrupt. An ever-growing proportion of the population is abandoning moderation and allying itself to the extremists either of the Left or of the Right. Food riots in Breslau and the savage mob murder of the Public Prosecutor of Frankfurt must unhappily be accepted as indications of what will occur on a large scale if Mr. Baldwin allows M. Poincaré to entrap him for much longer in empty and insincere conversations.

THE last act of the long-drawn Lausanne drama was finally played out on Tuesday, when the Treaty was signed in the hall of the university in the Vaud city, and a benevolent speech by the President of the Swiss Confederation recalled the various delegations to a sense of their personal virtues. It may seem a little inconsonant with the general enthusiasm to observe that the Treaty of Sèvres was also signed in due course some three years ago. It is not *le premier pas qui coûte* in such matters. However, the odds are that the new Angora Assembly will ratify, and then peace with Turkey will reign for the first time since October of 1914. It is a melancholy, an unstable, an uninspiring peace. In itself it contains none of the elements of durability. It leaves Bulgaria dissatisfied, Armenia unprotected, Mosul's fate undecided, the foreigners in Turkey at the mercy of a system of domestic law and administration which comes near being the worst in the world. The Turk, no doubt, may change. He claims to have done that already, though the Lausanne negotiations give little sign of it. In any case, nothing better in the way of agreement could be secured unless the Allies had been willing to fight, which they rightly enough were not, though the Greek army was. The peace should at least be better than no-peace. To say more than that would be too optimistic, until the Turk has done something to demonstrate his change of heart.

MR. RONALD McNEILL stated in the House of Commons on Wednesday that the British Minister at Peking had been authorized to join his colleagues there in a joint *démarche* to the Chinese Government pressing for the establishment of a railway police force. To what Govern-

ment these modest representations are to be made is not quite clear, for administration at Peking, which lacks at present a President, a Prime Minister, and a Parliamentary quorum, appears to be in the hands of three or four Ministers, survivals from the last effective Cabinet, to whom it is reported that Dr. Wellington Koo, formerly well known in London and Washington, has once more joined himself. The state of China politically is deplorable, and no obvious path to the restoration of efficiency presents itself. Apart from the continuing rift between the so-called Northern Government and the so-called Southern, powerful Tuchuns like Wu Pei-fu, Tsao-kun, and Chang Tso-lin still have formidable forces in the field, all making for separation instead of unity. On several minor loans the Government is in default, and its diplomatic representatives abroad are drawing their salaries from various mysterious sources or not drawing them at all. It hardly seems possible for China to pull herself together without some kind of external intervention; but the dangers attaching to action of that kind are greater than any probable advantages it might confer. So far as administrative advice and assistance is needed—and it most urgently is—the League of Nations could render the necessary service far better than any single Power or group of Powers. But it would be essential that China herself should solicit the League's assistance, and it is doubtful whether there exists at present any authority competent to do that. Meanwhile, trade prospers moderately, and the country as a whole shows little sign of any interest in things political.

THE Government's decision on the Kenya question is a compromise, and, until we know the degree of honesty with which the principles enunciated are applied, it is difficult to pronounce judgment upon it. In one direction the decision is extremely satisfactory. The Memorandum states unequivocally that the Government regard themselves "in the administration of Kenya . . . as exercising a trust on behalf of the African population," that they are "unable to delegate or share this trust," and that, therefore, "within any period of time which need now be taken into consideration," the claim of the few thousand white settlers to "responsible self-government" must be rejected. It follows that the official majority in the Legislative Council will remain. On all the other points in dispute between the white settlers and Indians, the settlement is in effect, though not perhaps in form, a compromise. The 22,822 Indians are to be represented in the new Legislative Council by five elected members, the 9,651 Europeans by eleven elected members. The demand of the Europeans that Indians shall remain disfranchised is thus refused, while on the other hand the Indian claim to a common electoral roll is not admitted. The demand of the Europeans that the immigration of Indians be legally restricted is not granted, but the Governor is to "explore" the whole question of immigration, and this may mean a great deal or nothing at all, for it is always possible for a Colonial Government to effect by administrative action what it recognizes that it has no right to effect by legislation. On the question of segregation the Indians have won, on that of the Highlands they have been beaten, for it is clear that they are to be reserved for the economic exploitation of persons (or of joint-stock companies) whose skins happen to be white.

ON Wednesday last, Mr. Ormsby-Gore announced in the House of Commons that the Imperial Economic Conference would meet concurrently with the Imperial

Conference on October 1st. According to present arrangements the subjects for discussion can be summed up under the following heads:—(1) Ways and means for the fuller development of the natural resources of the Dominions and Colonies; (2) inter-Imperial commerce, shipping, and communications generally, including wireless and other details; (3) the co-ordination of action for the improvement of technical research; (4) the organization of economic intelligence; (5) the unification of law and practice in the Empire on matters affecting trade development; (6) overseas settlement and migration. Replying to Captain Benn, Mr. Ormsby-Gore said that the subject of Imperial Preference could be discussed by the Conference under the heading of the development of inter-Imperial commerce. It was to be raised by Australia. "To bang and bar the door before the Imperial Conference met," he added, "would be resented by every self-governing Dominion." This implies that the Government have no proposals of their own on Preference.

THE Grand Council of the Federation of British Industries have forwarded to the Prime Minister an important memorandum urging the immediate appointment of a Commission "to review the position and make recommendations as to future monetary policy." They point out (1) that our declared monetary policy is still that of the Cunliffe Committee, namely, to bring the sterling-dollar exchange to parity by a process of deflation; (2) that the recent movement of the Bank Rate at a time when trade is stagnant and commodity prices are falling has aroused grave doubts as to the extent to which the views expressed by the Prime Minister adverse to deflation "are shared by those more directly responsible for controlling our monetary policy"; and (3) that there is still a body of opinion in favour of immediate steps to bring sterling back to par, irrespective of the effect on stability. The memorandum is cogently argued throughout, and the Federation has done a valuable service in preparing it. Whichever view is to prevail ultimately, the time has surely come to reconsider the conclusions of the Cunliffe Committee, which were drafted many months before the Armistice, on the basis of pre-war experience and without the slightest prevision of the unprecedented events of the past five years. We much hope that a Commission will be appointed promptly.

JUDGMENT was given in the Court of Appeal last week in favour of Dr. Marie Stopes in the case of *Stopes v. Sutherland*. The decision was one of considerable importance, both from the legal point of view and in its bearing on social policy. In the first place, Dr. Stopes brought an action for libel against Dr. H. G. Sutherland and his publishers with reference to a passage in a book by the former in which she was accused of "exposing the poor to experiment" at her birth-control clinic. Among the words complained of were these: "It is truly amazing that this monstrous campaign of birth control should be tolerated by the Home Secretary. Charles Bradlaugh was condemned to gaol for a less serious crime." At the trial, the Lord Chief Justice put four questions to the jury, who replied (1) that the words were defamatory, (2) that they were true in substance and in fact, (3) that they were not fair comment, and (4) that they assessed damages at £100. On these findings the Lord Chief Justice entered judgment for the defendants. The Court of Appeal has now reversed this decision; thereby, it may be hoped, dis-

couraging the practice of putting questions instead of a direct issue to a jury, and at the same time making it clear that the advocate of birth control is not a person who can be treated as a social pariah. Commenting on the reference to Bradlaugh's conviction, Lord Justice Scrutton said that "In 1877 the liberty of public utterance on this subject was widely different from such liberty at the present day." During the progress of Dr. Stopes's suit, this liberty has seemed to be in peril; it is well that it has been vindicated. We deal on another page with a new attempt to diminish it.

* * *

WITH the return of the Birkenhead and Manchester men, the dockers' strike is now confined to London and Hull. The "rebellion" seems to have reached its highest point last Sunday, when a large meeting in the East End refused to allow the president and secretary of the Transport and General Workers' Union to speak. To assert that the meeting was "packed" is beside the mark; it was really nothing but an organized demonstration of the several thousand rebels. The all-night march to Tilbury, which followed, successfully stopped work there on Monday and Tuesday, but the Tilbury men are resuming as soon as they dare. The other sequel to Sunday's meeting was an invitation to the employers to open negotiations with the strike committee. If the latter really hoped for a favourable answer, they have been bitterly disappointed, for the employers have rightly taken no notice whatever. In Hull even surface unanimity is now absent; mass picketing alone prevents a considerable resumption of work. There can be little doubt that the end is in sight, but it is to be hoped that the re-establishment of peace will not postpone indefinitely the long over-due revision of the conditions of casual labour. If the public and the port employers desire continued peace at the docks, they must give sympathetic support to the official union leaders in the only policy by which they will be able conclusively to reassert their authority.

* * *

THE action of the National Union of Railwaymen in threatening to call out the railway shopmen of the old Great Northern Company if the Industrial Court Award No. 728 is not applied to them within a fortnight, should be interpreted not as an extremist threat, but merely as a method of bringing to a head negotiations which, as Mr. Cramp maintains, have been in progress since January. That the situation is awkward, no one, however, would deny. The old Great Northern Company were not a party to the proceedings which culminated in the award, and their shopmen, therefore, remained unaffected. Now that amalgamation has taken place under the Railways Act, the N.U.R. desire the new London & North-Eastern to apply the award uniformly to all their shopmen. In substance, the award settled wages and conditions on the principle that the shopmen should be regarded as railwaymen and not as members of the general engineering industry. The principles of industrial unionism as upheld by the N.U.R. were supported; but for that reason the award has always been opposed by the engineering craft unions. The London & North-Eastern Company has refused to extend the award, maintaining that, as the matter concerns the craft unions as well as the N.U.R., "it can hardly be dealt with on the application of a single union." The Company, however, has now invited all the unions concerned to a joint conference. In effect the Company is making an alliance with the craft unions against the N.U.R.—which seems an undesirable step

on the part of an employer. But this added complication may perhaps lead to some permanent settlement of the problem of industrial *versus* craft unions which has so long disturbed the railway shops.

* * *

In the current number of the "Ministry of Labour Gazette" an extremely interesting comparison is given of the levels of real wages in a number of the great cities of the world. The method followed has been to take the money wages on March 1st of men working in seventeen selected occupations in the building, engineering, furniture, and printing trades, and to ascertain the quantities of each kind of food of working-class consumption purchasable in each city with the wages paid in that city on that date. The wages payable for forty-eight hours of work have been taken as the basis in all cases. Two sets of comparative index figures have then been worked out, in one of which the relative weights consumed in England of the different kinds of food are taken into account, while in the other a simple average of separate index numbers for all the varieties of food is struck. The scale in which weights are taken into account gives the following result. If the average purchasing power in London of the wages in all the trades considered be taken as 100, the average for Amsterdam is 103, for Berlin 57, for Paris 68, for Vienna 55, for New York 217, and for Ottawa 180. The compiler of the statistics draws attention to the serious qualifications which need to be made before the relative standard of life of the workers generally in the various cities is deduced from these figures. Of these qualifications the most important are: first, that food only has been taken into account, and secondly, that wages and earnings are by no means the same thing. In Berlin and Paris, for instance, there has been much less unemployment than in London.

* * *

OUR IRISH CORRESPONDENT writes:—

"The last week has produced a number of interesting developments, and a crop of still more interesting rumours which yet remain to be verified. The interesting developments are the cessation of work at the Free State ports, threatened for some weeks past, and the appointment of Professor McNeill as Free State member of the Boundary Commission. The rumours concern the imminence of the General Election. The whole three matters may be taken as very largely hanging together. It is fairly clear that the situation which has arisen at the docks is a prelude to a labour struggle on a large scale, and probably a very bitter one—a struggle which in this case is being pushed forward from the side of the employers. If this is so, it is obvious that the present Government will wish to hurry forward the elections as far as possible in order to avoid the possibility of their being interfered with by labour difficulties, and at the same time to assure themselves of a clear mandate for dealing with any situation which may arise in the future. The step which they have taken in regard to the Boundary Commission is an essential preliminary to going to the country. Voters are probably more concerned over the matter of Partition than any other part of the general treaty policy, and a belief that the Government intended to allow Sir James Craig to bluff them out of the appointment of a commission would be disastrous to them. The Land Purchase Bill and the Public Safety Bill have passed the Dáil and will be taken up at once by the Senate, and apparently nothing but a few formal measures stands between us and a dissolution, which might come with startling suddenness."

DISARMAMENT : THEORY AND PRACTICE.

THE mover of any resolution on disarmament has two pitfalls to avoid—the urging of impracticable proposals on the one hand, and the expression of a mere pious opinion on the other. In calling on the Government to assemble an international conference forthwith, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and the Labour Party elected to run the former risk. The Independent Liberals followed them into the Lobby, but the tone of Mr. Asquith's speech suggested that his support was actuated rather by a desire to emphasize the urgency of the problem than by any hope of an immediate solution. The amendment, on the other hand, which was moved by the Government and talked out, was little better than a pious opinion. We can only hope that something more definite is in the mind of the Government, and will be reflected in their future actions.

Bluntly stated, Mr. Baldwin's objection to an immediate international conference is that France, at the present time, would have nothing to do with it. This is a fact which we must face. A concrete proposal for military disarmament in Europe must have as its chief practical result some reduction of the military power of France; and so long as France is militarily supreme in Europe, and believes in armaments as the only real guarantee of security, it is useless to expect any solution of the problem. The limitation of naval armaments by the Washington Conference was rendered possible by the fact that the initiative was taken by the strongest of the naval Powers.

At the same time, we distrust all the talk about "moral" disarmament having to precede "material" disarmament, and the suggestion, repeatedly made from the Government benches, that all outstanding disputes must be cleared away before the question of disarmament can be approached. To take this line is to say not merely, "the time has not come," but "the time will never come." Both common-sense and the experience of Washington suggest that the settlement of disputes and the limitation of armaments can best be pursued simultaneously and as a connected policy. To make this possible, however, there must be the will to peace. The success of the Washington Conference was based on the fact that the Powers mainly concerned genuinely desired both limitation of armaments and an agreed settlement of Pacific questions. A similar opportunity in Europe may not occur until France has been disillusioned by experience and reflection as to the power of armaments to give her either reparations or security. Disarmament can be pursued concurrently with an agreed, but not with a dictated, settlement of European problems, and there is, unfortunately, no sign that France has yet recognized the futility of dictation.

This does not mean that we must postpone all attempt to avert the ruin of Europe until that ruin is complete. In the matter of disarmament, as in the matter of reparations, it is our business, without attempting to dictate to France, to make clear our own standpoint. An opportunity for this will arise when the League of Nations' proposals are submitted to the Assembly; but the value of our contribution to this or any other discussion will depend on our ability to show that we believe what we profess.

This, as Mr. Asquith pointed out, is the real objection to the Singapore scheme. The decision to proceed with that scheme was everywhere welcomed by those who distrust "paper guarantees." It has, undoubtedly, aroused the suspicion that we have little real faith in

the permanence of the new conditions created by the Pact of Washington. The Japanese Foreign Minister and Minister of Marine have handsomely acquitted us of any breach of faith; but Count Uchida, the Foreign Minister, expressed the opinion that the scheme conflicted in many ways with the spirit of Washington, and the Japanese Press has shown both surprise and alarm that Great Britain should think it necessary to provide against a contingency which it had been the object of the Conference to render impossible.

A suspicion of this nature must inevitably exert a paralyzing influence on all efforts made by us to attain a more general limitation of armaments. The Washington Treaty was entered into in the most favourable circumstances. It embraced a settlement of disputes as well as a limitation of armaments; it was accepted by Japan as a substitute for the Anglo-Japanese Alliance which had hitherto been the corner-stone of her foreign policy. If, in these circumstances, we are not prepared to accept the Treaty as a sufficient or permanent protection for our Eastern interests, with what face can we ask France, or any other Power, to accept a mutual pact of guarantee and disarmament as a substitute for the security provided by military predominance?

IS A SETTLEMENT OF REPARATIONS POSSIBLE ?

By J. M. KEYNES.

THE negotiations between the Governments of France and Great Britain, serious though they are in their possible consequences, are in the nature of preliminary sparrings. They are concerned, not with the settlement itself, but with the conditions prior to its discussion.

Whilst we are awaiting the issue of these preliminaries, it may be worth while to consider whether the elements for a settlement exist, provided the parties can be brought together to discuss it.

Germany's most recent offers mention a figure of 30 milliard gold marks (£1,500,000,000). Mr. Bonar Law's proposal of last January was for 50 milliards *plus* a further problematical 17 milliards in the event of an arbitral tribunal deciding ten years hence that Germany can stand it. If an expert Commission is summoned to re-assess Germany's capacity, it will not be able to collect any material amount of relevant evidence which is not already available. It will probably aim, therefore, at hitting the mean of the best-informed "moderate" opinions already current, which, in fact, range from Germany's own figure of 30 milliards up to Mr. Bonar Law's of 50 milliards. If the experts decide to fix a final, definitive figure, it will probably be 50 milliards at either 5 or 6 per cent. Possibly they may think it better to follow Mr. Bonar Law's plan of two, or rather of three, stages,—first a moratorium, lasting from two to four years; then the interest on 40 milliards (splitting, as arbitrators always do, the difference between 30 and 50); then, ten years hence, the interest on a further 10-20 milliards if an arbitral tribunal thinks it can be done when the time comes. From the point of view of the immediate burden on Germany, it makes a good deal of difference whether the annual payments are at 5 per cent. without a sinking fund or at 6 per cent. including a sinking fund. The extreme limits of the burden of such a decision would be, therefore, a minimum of £100,000,000 per annum (40 milliards at 5 per cent.) and a maximum of £180,000,000 (60 milliards at 6 per cent.).

Whether Germany could in fact pay such sums, is doubtful. I believe myself that even the smaller of the above figures will prove to exceed her capacity, unless she is allowed a longer period of recuperation than is likely. But the answer to this question, which only time can give for certain, is not of the same immediate importance as the question whether the elements exist for an agreed settlement now.

Subject to certain conditions to be mentioned below, I feel confident that Germany, whilst she will not pledge herself of her own motion to pay more than the 30 milliards she has already offered, would submit to judgment on the above lines at the hands of a body which, in the eyes of the world, could fairly claim to be independent and expert.

Would it satisfy the Allies? At the present time the minimum demand of France is 26 milliards and the cancellation of her inter-Allied Debts. Belgium demands 4 to 5 milliards in addition to the substantial sum she has already received in priority to the other Allies. Great Britain is assumed to demand the equivalent in annual value of what she owes to America, say 12 milliards. Probably 5 milliards would satisfy Italy, if her Allied debts were forgiven. 4-5 milliards would meet the claims of the minor Allies.

It appears, therefore, that 50 milliards *plus* cancellation of Allied debts would satisfy everyone. The above demands are so near to the Spa percentages (France's is avowedly based on them), that it would save quarrelling to stick to them exactly, which would lead to the following division:—

British Empire	...	11	milliards	(£550,000,000)
France	...	26	"	(£1,300,000,000)
Italy	...	5	"	(£250,000,000)
Belgium	...	4	"	(£200,000,000)
Other Allies	...	4	"	(£200,000,000)

- Thus (1) a reduction of the German liability to 50 milliard gold marks,
 (2) the division of this sum according to the Spa percentages, and
 (3) a cancellation of inter-Allied Debt,

provide the outlines of a settlement which ought to satisfy all the Allies.

Probably the most business-like procedure would be to agree to this general scheme right off, and to refer to an Arbitral Tribunal,—not the assessment of the capital total of the German liability, which for political reasons it may be convenient to fix at 50 milliards, even though this exceeds her probable capacity to pay,—but the date at which Germany must begin to pay interest on this sum, and the question of allowing her temporary abatements in accordance with her developing capacity.

Germany can accept such a settlement provided there is a tribunal, in the fairness of which she can feel confidence, charged with the duty of determining the length of the moratorium and the rate at which payments are to commence thereafter. A complete moratorium for so long a period as four years, followed by a *régime* of payments at a very high level, is not the best possible arrangement. A complete moratorium for two years, or even less, should be sufficient, provided the annual payments thereafter commence at a low figure and are allowed to increase gradually. These matters cannot be settled now by any tribunal, however expert. The only immediate step likely to command general approval is the fixing of 50 milliards as the figure of Germany's nominal liability. The real usefulness of an arbitral tribunal must lie in the future.

The acceptance by Germany of any scheme, however, is likely to be contingent on certain general condi-

tions. If the Allies wish to set up in Berlin some measure of control over her finances, Germany will probably go a long way to meet such demands. But if they wish to prolong in any shape the existing extensions beyond their Treaty rights of their hold over the Ruhr and the Rhinelands, the position is changed. This is probably a matter on which no responsible Government in Germany can afford to make material concessions.

In undertaking a scheme of payment, which is intended on both sides to be a reality, Germany submits her people and her economic life to a crushing burden. No nation, however helpless, will undertake such a thing unless in some shape it is made worth their while. A man may agree to surrender his possessions to avoid being beaten about the head. But no man will do so if he is to be beaten about the head in any case. If the occupation is to continue, the Allies will be already doing their worst, and Germany will have no incentive towards making a great sacrifice. If her political integrity and freedom are not to be restored to her, what does she gain by undertaking to pay a sum far in excess of what resistance in the Ruhr is now costing her? When Germany begins to pay, the suffering and distress which it will cause her people will be unbearable, if they are to submit, as well, to indignity, dependence, and oppression of other kinds. If Germany is to shoulder a quarter part of her burden, it will be necessary for her political and economic situation to be most favourable, and for the courage and enterprise of her people to stand high.

France has, at last, to make a final choice whether she wants an organized and courageous Germany perhaps paying a vast tribute, or whether she prefers a disorganized and weak Germany certainly paying nothing. If France is ready for the former alternative, some sort of an economic settlement would be easy to arrange on paper, as the above argument shows. But if France chooses the latter—which she may well do, not because she undervalues the tribute, but because she suspects that the tribute is impossible anyhow (that a strong Germany will not pay it and a weak Germany cannot)—then no agreed settlement is worth discussing. We must each follow our own path.

* * *

Cabinets and Governments (and newspapers, too) are inevitably occupied with momentary situations. If we can abstract ourselves from such, we are forced to acknowledge that the idea of the vast, continuing tribute may prove for profound and permanent reasons, a political impossibility, even if it is not also an economic impossibility; and that British policy, even in its present form, moderate and plausible though it appears, is still remote from certain essential facts, which M. Poincaré may have dimly grasped. The material difference between us and him lies much more in our different conceptions of the future polity of Europe and of international relationships generally, than in his expecting more cash than we do from Reparations.

WAITING FOR AMERICA.

A MANIFESTO—signed by some of the most weighty names in English literary and economic circles—which is about to be issued to the American nation, serves as an occasion to return to the question which is assuming an ever increasing urgency in the public mind. America came into the war just in time to help to save the cause of the Allies. Will she come into the peace in time to save European civilization? That she has permanently and finally "cut the painter" with the Old World no thoughtful person on either side of the

Atlantic seriously believes. Whatever her disposition may be—and that American opinion is gravely disturbed by the present attitude of aloofness does not admit of doubt—the compulsion of events will sooner or later draw her into the European orbit again. The world is too much a unit of interest to permit any section of it to remain finally outside the general scheme of its life. But whether the resumption by the United States of co-operative intercourse with Europe will come in time to save the civilization of the Continent from extinction is much more open to question.

It is not for us to criticize the action of America. What she did, both in helping to save Europe in the war and in withdrawing from the peace, she did by the exercise of her own undisputed authority. But no reasonable American, I think, will take it amiss if he is reminded that the desperate position of Europe to-day is mainly due to the removal, at the critical moment of its history, of the most disinterested and powerful influence in the world from contact with its affairs. In the light of the events of the past four years, I recall with a sense of a fulfilled prophecy a remark which General Smuts made to me in January, 1919. I had been asked by President Wilson to pay him a visit in Paris, and before fulfilling that invitation I breakfasted with General Smuts, whom I found deeply concerned at the growing evidence from America of a reaction towards "isolation." "Tell the President," said General Smuts, "that if America throws Europe over now, the fruits of the war will be lost, and the League of Nations will be lost with them. Together, America and England can impose the League of Nations on Europe, but if America withdraws, England cannot do so alone."

It is not improbable that history will say that in leaving Europe to stew in its own juice America did the Continent a disservice that blotted out the service that had been rendered in the war. With the knowledge we now have, it is difficult to escape the conclusion that America would have done better to have stayed out of the war than to come into the war and go out of the peace. The repudiation of the Peace Treaty by America left the destiny of Europe in the hands of France, with England vainly attempting to check her wild courses and subsiding into an unwilling but helpless witness of a policy that spells her own ruin as well as the ruin of Europe.

All this is understood in America, if not as acutely as here, at least sufficiently well to create a disquiet that is constantly coming to the surface. Apart from the sincere, but as I think mistaken, hostility of the American Liberals to the Covenant of the League of Nations on the ground that it ratified unjust and intolerable peace terms, the main purpose in reverting to isolation was antagonism neither to the Treaty nor to the Covenant, but to the personal ascendancy of President Wilson. In order to destroy him it was necessary to discredit him, and the peace was disavowed as a means to that end. Europe was sacrificed to make an *auto da fé* of the Democratic party, and the very people who had denounced Wilson early in the war because he had hesitated to depart from the doctrine of "isolation," reverted to that doctrine when the war was over, not because the task in Europe was done, but because the immolation of an unpopular President could be accomplished in no other way.

I do not think the responsible American mind has ever been happy under the sense that Europe was deserted for trivial and unworthy reasons. There is in that great nation, with all its faults, a high sense of justice and a rare responsiveness to a moral motive and a disinterested cause. It had come into the war under

the impetus of a great national uprising. It had provided the Allies, through its President, with the watchwords of the struggle. It had dictated the Fourteen Points on which the enemy surrendered. It had set up the ideal of a world organized for peace as the goal of post-war policy. It had given guarantees that it would see the greatest business that ever confronted the statesmanship of the world through to the end. It is not happy in the knowledge that those guarantees have been disregarded. It is troubled in conscience, and it knows moreover that it cannot, even if it would, wash its hands of Europe for ever.

We see the evidences of this disquietude in many directions. The denunciation of European entanglements is justified on the ground of the unregenerate militarism in which the Continent is plunged, but every intelligent American knows that his country, in withdrawing from Europe, helped to make Europe what it is. The repudiation of the League of Nations has become a slogan of the party politician, but it is a slogan that has little conviction behind it. Isolation is preached as if George Washington had just uttered his denunciation of entangling alliances; but the American Secretary of State was the first authoritative voice to declare in favour of an International Commission to settle the question of reparations. President Harding will have nothing to do with the League of Nations, but he flies the flag of a "World's Court" at the masthead of Republican policy. Senator Borah, one of the most implacable foes of the Wilson policy, suddenly emerges as the hot gospeller of "The Outlawry of War." It is a fine phrase, but if it is anything more than a sounding nothing, it is an aspiration for the same idea to which the League of Nations, however imperfectly, sought to give practical effect.

In these and similar manifestations we see the mind of America disturbed, perplexed, and feeling about for a means of re-establishing contact with that great problem of restoring peace to the world, the solution of which still rests with it more conspicuously than anywhere else. It is beyond question that, if at the end of the war the two English-speaking peoples had stood loyally together in shaping the peace, they were in the position to impose terms which by this time would have set Europe far on the way to recovery. They had then the material power as well as the moral power to speak with overwhelming authority, and they were, in different degrees it is true, alike in their disinterestedness and their detachment from the Continent. That magnificent moment was lost, and it will not return. The inspiration has gone, the moral credit of the English-speaking peoples has sunk low, and the material power is now in the hands of France, who exploits it with undisguised frankness.

But the influence of America is still the great unrealized potentiality for peace. A bold gesture from Washington would change the face of things and deflect the whole current of European tendencies. In the present mood of France it may be doubted whether even the evidence that this country and America were at last moving in step would check her ambitions. She has got the bit between her teeth, and has consolidated her military position in Europe so powerfully that she may well be tempted to disregard all restraints. But she cannot live permanently in defiance of the public opinion of the world, and a movement from Washington would awaken such a hope in Europe, and would release such repressed energies in the cause of peace, that the doctrine of violence would become untenable.

There are many points at which America could resume touch with this distracted world. It is enough

to refer to one of them. It was Mr. Hughes, the Secretary of State, from whom the idea of an international commission on reparations first officially proceeded. That, I think, was before the adventure in the Ruhr, an episode which has finally outraged the Treaty of which America was one of the authors. Nothing would be more natural in these circumstances than that Mr. Hughes should reaffirm his approval of an international commission and indicate America's readiness to take part in what, after all, is essentially a fact-finding inquiry. This would imply no reversal of policy on the part of the United States, and would not involve that country in any way with the League of Nations. It would merely be a summons to Europe to come round a common table for the elucidation of the facts of its position, with the friendly help of the one great Power in the world whose disinterestedness in regard to the affairs of Europe is above suspicion. There is no escape from the Slough of Despond in which Europe is sunk except by this path, and it is the high privilege of America to be alone capable of setting our feet firmly in it. The mere announcement that she had taken this course would change the whole complexion of Europe and turn its face to the light.

A. G. G.

THE AMERICANIZATION OF THE STATUTE BOOK.

THERE is a Bill before the House of Commons called the Criminal Justice Bill, the greater part of which deals with the detention in custody of prisoners, and alterations in procedure in indictable offences. There are several other clauses which have little to do with the main theme of the Bill, but one of these (No. 19) is more out of place than any of the others. It is sandwiched in in such a way that it might well escape notice, and it is significant that it is not mentioned at all in the memorandum on the front page. This clause aims at widening the scope of the existing law by which Justices are empowered to seize "any obscene books, papers, writings, prints, pictures, drawings, or other representations" if they are kept "for the purpose of sale or distribution, exhibition for purposes of gain, lending upon hire, or being otherwise published for purposes of gain."

Clause 19 of the new Bill extends this, so that the new conditions of seizure are that the articles be "kept within any place . . . for the purposes of being sold, published, distributed, exhibited, lent on hire, or otherwise dealt with, and whether in any case for purposes of gain or not." Furthermore, the term "articles" in this clause covers a larger class of objects than those mentioned in the Obscene Publications Act; it "includes books, writings, pictures, and models and things whatsoever, whether similar to the things beforementioned or not." There will be many an honest citizen who will find himself liable in some way under such an Act; the police will be able to enter his house and take away any article that offends their susceptibilities, and any magistrate may destroy the object brought before him if its owner does not appear, or if he disapproves of it.

There is another point. The search warrant is given to the police if the Justice "is satisfied by information on oath made before him by an inspector of police or any other officer of police of equal or superior rank, that

there is reasonable cause to suspect that indecent or obscene articles are kept within any place. . ." In view of the wide denotation of the term "articles," this paves the way for what might be a house-to-house blackmail. Of course it is not a valid objection to a law that it affords greater scope for breaking another, but this fact may be taken into consideration when the law in question is as great an outrage on liberty and property as this is.

Who is to tell us what "indecent" means? We are to ask Justices of the Peace and constables, and the safety of our possessions will hang on their reply. This is particularly intolerable at a time such as the present when opinion about these matters is in a state of transition. Only last week Lord Justice Scrutton spoke in the Court of Appeal as follows:—

"In 1877 it would have been almost impossible to discuss publicly a subject of admitted public importance, the causes, effects of, and remedies for venereal diseases, but since the war the most respectable newspapers have opened their columns to the plainest discussion of these matters and the most respectable persons have taken part in these discussions. The merits and methods of artificial birth prevention seem to me to stand in a similar position. In 1877 it would have been impossible to discuss them publicly; in 1923 there is probably a great change in public opinion as to the necessity for discussion, coupled with great difference of opinion about the advisability of such methods."

The upshot of it all is that we are putting ourselves in the hands of a few magistrates and policemen, who will dictate to us what we are to have on our walls, in our libraries, and in our cupboards.

We may safely assume, however, that whilst the Act may be used, casually and from time to time, against works of art which policemen do not like, this is not its main purpose. Its real motive is indicated by the extension to objects which are not kept for sale or profit, and by the inclusion not only of writings and representations, but of "articles" of all kinds. The first change operates to bring into the net propagandist literature kept for free distribution, and the second to cover (*e.g.*) contraceptives privately owned by individuals for their own use. We cannot conceive a more dangerous and obnoxious provision, and we earnestly hope that there will be found enough Members of Parliament who care about freedom of propaganda and personal liberty to obstruct its progress to the Statute Book.

LIFE AND POLITICS

It is very refreshing to hear Mr. Lloyd George his natural self again,—not explaining away the past, but letting fly with good, strong, heart-felt invective against M. Poincaré. "There were many incidents and episodes which discouraged. There was M. Poincaré. He wished M. Poincaré would not make speeches on a Sunday. (Laughter.) It was a day sacred to goodwill, and hardly the day to unscrew cylinders of carefully distilled hatred, ill-will, suspicion, and anger among the nations. (Cheers; and, one can almost hear from the back, 'That's the stuff to give him.')

That is the stuff to give him, and Mr. Lloyd George will regain the ear of the country if he can voice feelings which are growing very passionate, and which the proprieties of members of the Cabinet will never satisfy.

LORD HOWARD DE WALDEN'S letter in another column heralds a very important theatrical project, which has been discussed behind the scenes for some little time past. It could not start under a management which better combines artistic strivings with a record of practical accomplishment than that of Mr. Komissarjevsky and Mr. Allan Wade. This is not the first occasion on which Lord Howard de Walden's munificence has tried to help the theatre, and this time we may fairly hope that a lasting success will be achieved. We shall all look forward very excitedly to the opening season.

MR. GEORGE MOORE'S play "The Coming of Gabrielle," of which matinées have been given recently at the St. James's Theatre, was acted just as such a frivolous comedy should be acted, in a light and polished way, every point in the dialogue telling. Yet one fatal defect will prevent it for ever from being a popular success. Such must satisfy the thwarted hopes and desires of the audience;—the men in it are the hero, the women are the heroine. But only a very small class of the community—the authors—can find here the fulfilment of their repressed hopes and secret day-dreams. To them is shown an inlaid filing cabinet full of letters written by adoring women to the famous author, who in the person of Mr. Leslie Faber is exactly what every young writer dreams of being at fifty-five. It is a great pity. For "The Coming of Gabrielle" is a delightful play, and Mr. George Moore one of the few perfectly accomplished living playwrights;—if only he wasn't so

often inspired by the grotesque side in his own personality, which means that too much of the fun is of the type of "family humour."

SERGE DIAGHILEFF has been appointed Director of the Ballet and Opéra Comique at Monte Carlo for the coming season, and expects to produce four new ballets. His old admirers in England will hope that this will pave the way to his return to London in the not too distant future, bringing with him these new productions as well as some old favourites.

LOUIS COUPERUS, who died last week, shortly after his sixtieth birthday, was the best known, if not the best, of Holland's modern writers. Germany read most of his work, and England was acquainted with some of the books, translated by Couperus's friend Teixeira de Mattos, whom he has not long survived. But the novels known in this country only represent one aspect of Couperus's variegated production. "Old People and Things that Pass" and the "Books of Small Souls" belong to Couperus the realist. They are of the *genre* in which Dutch writers excel, the novel without a hero, or if one prefers, the novel with a group for hero. Of other aspects of this active writer's personality little is known in England. Couperus the phantasiist, Couperus the romantic, and especially Couperus seer into the past, are discoveries still to be made by literary England, though some of the works where the discovery can be made have already been translated.

OMICRON.

A GREAT FRENCH HISTORY OF ENGLAND

By G. M. TREVELYAN.

How seldom we remember that, for many generations after the Norman Conquest, England and France shared their upper class, and had a common system of education! Feudal nobles and learned clerks speaking French and Latin were equally at home on either side of the Channel. Squire Western did not then give laws to his native island, nor did Dr. Johnson dictate our manners and our speech. England had ceased for a while to belong to the English. No doubt the two submerged majorities, the English and the French common people, were very different one from another all the time,—but these left no memorial. Jacques Bonhomme and Piers Plowman had never much in common, and ere long, when they came to the top again, they gave each their local colour to the governing class and the national literature. Since the Reformation the history of France and England has been one long antithesis, reflecting and enhancing fundamental differences of psychology that were somewhat obscured in the Middle Ages. Since Tudor and Valois times only one revolution, that of France in 1830, has affected the other country otherwise than by repulsion. At this moment the veil is down again on the Channel, impenetrable, heavy with fate.

Yet there have been modern Frenchmen who, without being any the less French, thoroughly understood England. And there have been more of them in recent years than in the professedly "Anglomane" *siècle de Voltaire*. M. Taine did us the honour of applying his vivid intelligence to our institutions and to the island temper behind them; it is true, perhaps, that he used England as a stick with which to strike the men and measures he disliked in France. His approach to the problem of England was by no means dispassionate. In our own day M. Jusserand and M. Chevrillon seem to

understand our history and literature with astonishing knowledge and sympathy. But no French writer, and perhaps no English writer, has understood English affairs of a hundred years ago as M. Halévy understands them. On this subject Englishmen can go to school to him. His studies have been profound. His style is as lucid and pleasant as that of every able publicist and scholar who has enjoyed the advantage of a French training: in the land of Molière, and there only, is it true that all which is not verse is prose. M. Halévy has no prejudices and no axe to grind; he stands, a bearded philosopher, with a smile at once sceptical and kindly, patiently holding up the mirror for us English so that we can see our grandfathers as they really were.

Before the war M. Halévy gave us his first volume, on the state of England in 1815. This year he has published his second and third volumes, the history of political events and social developments from Waterloo to the formation of Peel's great Ministry in 1841.* M. Halévy's post-war "movies" are as good as his pre-war photograph. Both his massive learning and his supple style are equally adapted to either method. We are getting from him, volume by volume, something that more nearly approaches a satisfactory history of England in the nineteenth century than anything else that we have. If it suffers from being complicated and colossal, and yet fails to cover all the ground, so must every serious effort to cope with so vast a theme.

The special value of having our social history studied by a foreigner is that customs so familiar as to pass unnoticed by native historians are so strange to him that he calls attention to their singularity. In that way we

* "Histoire du Peuple Anglais au XIX^{ème} Siècle." Tome II. (1815-1830). Tome III. (1830-1841). Par Elie Halévy. (Paris: Hachette. 25fr. each.)

learn what we English stand for in Europe. For instance, in his first volume—the picture of the England of Waterloo—M. Halévy was amazed at the non-military character of the nation and even of the aristocracy that had beaten Napoleon. Conquerors comfortable only in mufti! In his two new volumes he lays fresh emphasis on another phenomenon, for which indeed his first volume had prepared us, the character and importance of the English religion of that period. In the power of English Protestant religion and in its divisions, he sees the chief answer to the riddle that puzzles a foreigner—why did not the social strife and misery of the thirty years after Waterloo lead to revolution and reaction in England as in France? He finds that religion was then a more powerful influence in England than across the Channel, but that it was part of the principle of self-government and self-help so characteristic of the English. It was not an authoritarian religion. It was a layman's religion. And it was only half of it allied to the unreformed State and to the party of Reaction. Religion, therefore, was not the natural object of attack to Liberals and Radicals. The Church might be attacked—it was attacked in the 'thirties for political and social reasons—but the Church was only half the religion of the country. And even the Church, not being fundamentally authoritarian, was able to effect a safe retreat to a new and less obnoxious political and social position.

To-day the scene has changed. The Nonconformists have lost ground enormously, but it is the indifferentists whose numbers have been swelled rather than Churchmen on the one hand or aggressive agnostics on the other. A Bishop returning from Africa tells us that London is "a pagan city." It was not so in 1830. Politics are very much less affected by sectarian rivalry or by religious motive than in the days of the Evangelicals, the Dissenters, and the High-and-Dry,—the great agitations of Anti-Slavery, Parliamentary Reform, and Corn Laws. If anyone is inclined to doubt this statement, let him study M. Halévy's text and footnotes, especially in his third volume.

There are points on which I differ from M. Halévy, but they are points of phrasing or of detail. Perhaps I do not understand sufficiently the niceties of the French language, but I cannot comprehend on what ground M. Halévy, on page xi. of the Preface to Vol. II., accuses Canning of being *guerrier*. The story, as he proceeds to tell it in the text, does not bear out the charge. On the great occasion when Canning might have made war, when France invaded Spain in 1823, he deliberately chose the path of peace "come what may" (II., p. 158), though not from any want of antipathy to the French action. And when he told the French that they must not cross the Atlantic to re-establish Spanish supremacy in South America, he prevented, by his strong stand at this point, the possibility of war arising at a later stage. It is not on all occasions those who knuckle under who are the best keepers of peace. Canning kept the peace and meant to keep it, both when he gave way and when he took his stand.

In the admirable account of the Reform Bill in the third volume, M. Halévy gives a description of the days of May, 1832, which could hardly be bettered as regards the motives of the Whig Ministers at the time of their brief resignation, and the action of the English people during the crisis. But I believe he is mistaken in supposing that Wellington was expected by the King, or that he intended himself, to take office in order to pass an "attenuated" Bill. The country no doubt thought so, but the Duke, I take it, knew that he could no longer

hope to cut down the effectiveness of the Bill, in face of the Commons majority. Only he felt called upon to save the face of the King and of the Peers by passing "the Bill" or its equivalent as a Tory measure. His correspondence is not opposed to this interpretation. And Peel distinctly viewed the proposed Tory Ministry in that light, for on May 12th he wrote to Croker:—

"I foresee that a Bill of Reform, including everything that is really important and really dangerous in the present Bill, must pass. For me individually to take the conduct of such a Bill . . . would be, in my opinion, personal degradation to myself."

Mr. Butler, the highest authority on the subject, certainly thinks that the crisis of May was viewed in that light by the King and the Tory chiefs (see pp. 387-390 of his "Passing of the Great Reform Bill"). It explains why Althorp and Stanley at the Whig Party meeting advised that the House of Commons should accept a Bill from the Tory Ministers' hands, because the Commons could see that it did not pass unless and until it was at least the equivalent of the Whig Bill. Not understanding this, M. Halévy naturally thinks Stanley's attitude weaker than it really was.

M. Halévy rightly emphasizes the distinction (e.g., III. pp. 93-94) between the two parts of the reforming or Benthamite gospel—the one part *laissez-faire*, the other what he calls "le système de la démocratie organisatrice," which was the very opposite of *laissez-faire*. The Tories, as he shows, denounced it as a "French" or "German" importation; the "good old English" system, lauded by the Tory party of that date, was government by the unpaid squire magistrate and by the unreformed oligarchy of the town. The Benthamite movement and the Whig-Liberal party gave the first impulse to the creation of efficient organs of government,—reformed Municipalities, Royal Commissioners, Inspectors, and the modern Civil Service. Fortunately Peel and the Peelites, above all others Gladstone, had the same instincts towards creating efficient and honest public services, central and local. *Laissez-faire* only covers a small part of the Reform movement.

THE SCULPTOR'S PROBLEM.

ANYONE having the luck to find himself in Mr. Dobson's studio may, after admiring some extraordinarily interesting work, meditate, if he cares for that sort of thing, on the two last shifts in the development of contemporary sculpture. It is a short story with a lesson to its tail—that is why I like it; also, Mr. Dobson has learnt the lesson thoroughly, but that is not why I like Mr. Dobson. Before long a dozen in England, and thousands in Central Europe, will have learnt it too, and be not a jot the better.

Of works of art one of the most endearing characteristics is their capacity for being divided into opposing categories—classical or romantic for instance, plastic or descriptive, "making-for-more-life" or corrupt, Eton or Harrow: critics cannot be too grateful to them for this. For my immediate purpose I am going to divide them into those of which the content overflows the form, and those of which the form is too big for the content—a dichotomy which is less familiar but not less sound than the others. Only, there is this against it: it is not a division of all, but only of those works which fall short of perfection. The perfect work of art is like a wine-glass filled to the brim; hold it up to the light, you cannot say where the contained ends and the containing begins. Be the

content red, yellow, or tawny, to the eye satisfaction is complete: the liquor appears to have created its own vessel: the match is perfect. This, incidentally, is not the way to drink claret.

Wagner, Meredith, Dostoevsky, and Turner—to confine myself to great names and modern instances—slop their liquor; and when the pourer slops, not only does he make a mess, he shoots out the lees, discolours the wine, and kills the subtler flavours. His impetuosity is disastrous; and Delacroix, with all his intellect and imagination, never pulled off anything to equal Corot at his best. On the other hand, Brahms, Landor, Puvis de Chavannes often, and (dare I add?) Milton and Ingres sometimes, fail to fill their glasses: there are undeniable sky-lights. To my taste this is a less serious fault: nevertheless, when the content is very small and the form grandiose, inevitably one catches the sound of a pea rattling in a drum, and it is a foolish sound. Try the tragedies of Voltaire, or the statuary of Girardon, or the frescoes of Puvis, or the decorations of Le Brun: here you have the pomp and circumstance of a masterpiece; the trombone has been trundled on to the stage, and the instrumentalist has not the wind to blow it. Well, for my part I dislike this sort of thing less than a dirty table-cloth and a thick draught; but, whatever may be, in general, the respective gravity of these two faults, there can be little doubt that to sculpture the overcharging tendency is fatal.

I never believe much in generalizations about art, be they my own or another's: Bernini's work is undeniably overcharged, and Bernini is undeniably a great sculptor. Still, when it helps to explain a fact that needs explanation, a generalization may be not amiss; and a fact it is that while painting flourished prodigiously in the nineteenth century sculpture ran to seed. This seems odd, and is very likely inexplicable; but should an explanation of some sort be required, I am not the man to refuse; and it does seem to me possible that one of the things which were wrong with sculpture in the nineteenth century was that sculptors were trying to make an impossible match between painters' content and their own form. For, from Houdon to the Cubists, almost every sculptor who had any talent made a mess of it, not because his temperament was superabundant, but because he was trying to pour the preoccupations of the painters into an altogether inappropriate vessel. Even Carpeaux does not escape this criticism: the other descendants of Rude and the tradition, for all their trying to ginger up cold images with spice from the Florentine fifteenth century, remain merely academic: they had nothing to make a mess with.

Now, in ages when sculpture holds its own with the other visual arts sculptors choose their content (no one will be so simple as to suppose that when I say "content" I mean "subject,"—the content of the archaic Apollo in the museum at Athens, for instance, is totally different from that of the Apollo of the Parthenon). Manifestly in the great Greek and Chinese periods sculptors chose their own; it was the same at Florence in the fifteenth century, though Donatello's occasional lapses into the pictorial show what may happen to the greatest artists the moment they begin to misuse their material; but many of the baroque sculptors were obviously trying to pour pint pots of painters' stuff into their port glasses—worse still, the painters' stuff they were trying to pour was fluffy shandygaff, and the mess they made was horrid. The age of Louis XIV. pulled itself together, and by reaction became a little empty; but you have only to compare a figure by Coysevox with some multi-

membered Indian god to realize that in sculpture super-expressionism is a much more disgusting vice than emptiness.

The nineteenth century, after it had delivered itself from the Greeks and the Romans and David, was dominated—a critic must be allowed some simplification—by three movements: the romantic (Delacroix), the so-called realist (Courbet), and the impressionists. All were possessed and passionately excited by a mass of new æsthetic experiences and a multitude of ideas. And what should the sculptors, whose fruitful tradition had died with Houdon and Canova, do but swallow as much of them as they could? Here was an immense artistic stir going on all about them; here was God's plenty, and they were starving; inevitably, they made an effort to assimilate the painters' food, and gave us at worst the disgusting Constantin Meunier (Millet in the round), at best Rodin and Degas. But neither Rodin's genius for modelling nor the acuity of Degas's vision gives us sculpture to move as the simplest Romanesque capital or a T'ang horse moves us. Rodin is marvellous in detail—here a hand, there a foot, is masterly—but never could his vast and frothy ideas be reduced to any perfectly containing form. And Degas's wonderfully observed figures, as we discovered at the Leicester Galleries, are not impressionist sculpture but impressionism. "They are exactly like his pictures," said enthusiastic admirers: could criticism be more damning?

We all know how, at the beginning of this century, the painters, under the influence of Cézanne, felt the need of limiting content to regain possession of form. That was the movement in the outer ripples of which the cork that is art still bobs. No talk of wine, we said, till you are sure of a tumbler; no flesh without bone and muscle. This was the sculptors' chance of throwing overboard all the superfluous, inappropriate stuff which for seventy years had been twisting and disintegrating their forms; and that is what the better sort did. Of the worse, the *pasticheurs*, who, noticing that with the new movement had come in a taste for Byzantine, Egyptian, Central African, archaic Greek, and Polynesian art, proceeded to exploit it, of Mestrovic and Bourdelle, *non ragioniam*. The better sort became more or less Cubist—here begins the history of Dobson—and, not unnaturally, pushed the jettisoning business too far. Content was so scrupulously emptied out that many Cubist statues were not much more significant than stocks and stones; and in England the standard Vorticist article, a roundish lump whose contours could do duty for a woman's back or a baby's backside, hardly succeeded in provoking scandal, so unobtrusively was it a bore. Assuredly these young men got rid of the fussiness and vulgarity of the realists. Nature cannot be vulgar, they say; and these monuments resembled natural objects rather than works of art. On any lucky walk across the downs one might have picked up a boulder ready to be exhibited at the Leicester Galleries as a statue of Stendhal.

The consequence was that, within eighteen months of its birth, Cubism had become hopelessly academic. Certain simplifications and distortions became obligatory, and, within two or three years, as familiar, as tedious, and as meaningless as the time-honoured conventions of the Ecole des beaux-arts. And now Cubism is moribund; it has done its work and done it well. Not that its finished achievements are splendid—in sculpture Laurens, Lipchitz, and perhaps Manolo, have alone succeeded in making something of its bleak dogmas—but its influence has been immense and immensely beneficial. The best of our generation have learnt its lesson; and if there is one thing on which they are all decided, it is

that their art shall not be too big for its boots. The twentieth-century sculptors have reconquered their country: the next thing for them to do is to inhabit it. Need I say that each must build his own house? Nevertheless, in art there are such things as influences; one artist can help another in the desperate business of making a match between what he has to express and the form in which he is to express it. And, unless I mistake, it is Maillol who is going to help the new generation of sculptors.

Maillol, who is the child of Cézanne and the classical tradition, already has children of his own. Of these the two who interest me most are Dobson and Gimond; and, strange to say, of the two the Englishman is the more interesting. Partly, this may be because he is older and more fully developed; certainly he moves more easily in the limitations imposed on sculptors by their medium. But, also, it is because Dobson is more personal; and now that the bands of academic Cubism are burst, now that the artist's main problem is to fill to the brim his form, personality becomes a matter of extreme importance. If, at the beginning of the century, such a thing as a collective artistic effort did exist—I am far from sure that it was not invented by sentimental, socialistic critics—it exists no more. And Dobson, even in his Vorticist days, gave proof of a temperament and a capacity for making it "come through." He would produce busts—excellent portraits by the way—in which he let himself go, and displayed a remarkable power, not of copying in plaster another man's head, but of affirming his own sense of that head's significance. Now this personal sense of the significance of things is just what Cubist art tended to lack, and we, on that account perhaps, tend to value most highly. It can thrive only in the sensitive depths of an artist's temperament. Woe! therefore, to the "prix de Rome" masquerading in modern attire. He will be unmasked, and must design for the illustrated papers till he finds his appropriate niche in Burlington House. Dobson has nothing to fear; neither need we fear that he will be in too much of a hurry to express himself completely. He is not the man to tilt the bottle wildly; from him we shall get no baroque hurricanes, no waving arms and streaming hair, no super-expressionism. One anchor he has firmly fixed in the stony bottom of Cubism, another in the decency of Maillol and the order of the great tradition. He will contrive to be personal without ceasing to be a sculptor.

CLIVE BELL.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE RUHR TERROR.

SIR,—The Government carries on its negotiations with France beneath a veil of secrecy. The result is that the British Government, which, after all, relies on public opinion in its effort to prevent the French from pushing Germany over the abyss, is condemned to work in the dark. There is no doubt that if all the communications which have been sent to Paris could be published, they would make a deep impression on the opinion of the civilized world and would immensely strengthen Mr. Baldwin's hands.

But if the Government is gagged, the British Press is not muzzled. It does not take its orders from M. Poincaré, whose object is to prevent the truth from being known about the reign of terror which the French and Belgians have established in the Ruhr and the occupied area. If the facts were known, the public conscience of this country, which hates

oppression and cruelty, would be deeply stirred. The French would learn that they could not carry on this dragoonade of a defenceless population, could not condemn millions of people to live under the harrow of a ruthless military despotism, without stirring the conscience of the world to a most vigorous protest. The report of the German Government on 300 cases of atrocities, which was published in December, 1922, was hardly noticed in this country at the time. The report, which gave names and dates and the place of these assaults on German men, women, and children, was compiled from official material and is confined to the most outrageous cases. There is no reason to doubt its veracity. The report showed that even if the individual soldier, as indeed I noticed in the Ruhr, bore no animosity to the German inhabitants, the fact of a great military force acting on war regulations (which are a negation of all civilian rights), and situated in the midst of a densely populated country, constituted in itself a great and permanent danger to the population.

The report is a terrible indictment of the occupying forces. It will be said that it is German propaganda. But the date and place of all the outrages is given, and the full names of the victims in many instances. Would the French and Belgians submit to an impartial inquiry into any of them? They will, of course, do nothing of the kind. But are not the Germans to be allowed to speak in their own defence? From what other source of evidence than the stories of the victims themselves brought to the test of official inquiry could such outrages be known?

Now this report carries the history of the occupation up to the summer of 1922 only. Since then the Ruhr has been occupied, and thousands of Germans have been expelled and imprisoned. It is not the policy of the High Command to encourage violence or cruelty, but, as one of the Quaker visitors to the Ruhr points out in a recent report on conditions in the French occupied area, cruelty and violence are inseparable from a condition of things which gives absolute power into the hands of a military tyranny. In Bochum and Herne the Commandants appear to be particularly harsh, and the control of the soldiers is very lax. "No consideration of humanity," adds this report, "seems to enter into the question of the treatment of arrested people; the arrests continue the whole time, and are carried out in an apparently arbitrary manner, thus producing an atmosphere of acute uncertainty and increasing enormously the difficulties of carrying on the orderly life of large cities. The nervous tension is extreme among all classes, and the harsh measures of the higher commands, such as the order for the expulsion of the wives and families of the railwaymen, combined with the cruelty of individuals not properly restrained, produce an atmosphere which must be lived to be realized." I can corroborate this impression from my own visit to the Ruhr. The dragoonade is increasing. Every day the screw is given a turn, rendering the lives of the 12 million Germans who live in the occupied areas outside the British zone more miserable. The number of Germans who have been shot is now considerable. The expulsions number, it is said, 70,000; and the possessions of all these people, save for the baggage which they are allowed to carry in their hands, are left for the French to use.

Now, what is going on in the Ruhr and the occupied area is hidden even more effectively from the French people than from the rest of Europe. I believe that the public conscience of France would be roused if the truth were known. If it is impossible to bring the facts home to France, let them at least be known in England, which hates oppression and has always extended a sympathetic hand to a people suffering under the military yoke.—Yours, &c.,

HUGH F. SPENDER.

July 24th, 1923.

SIR,—Not since the signature of the Treaty of Versailles has so critical a situation been reached as that in which we find ourselves to-day. Militarism has set its heel upon the Ruhr and the Rhine, in defiance of treaty and agreement, and we shall have to go back a long way in

history to discover the record of such cruel repression as by its exercise now soils the fair fame of France. Age is stricken; infancy is despoiled; families are sundered; often there is little food for the hungry, and often no shelter for the homeless. Is it too late to recall the fair promises made to the German Delegation at the Peace Conference? How have they been kept?

The British Note has been presented, and M. Poincaré deliberates. He thinks time is on his side. Passive resistance is the only weapon left to Germany, and were she to lay it down she would be overwhelmed by the destructive tide. Let there be no mistake about this. Passive resistance springs from the heart of the people. It has not been dictated, and perhaps could not be controlled, from Berlin. All that Berlin has done has been to regulate and co-ordinate its forms. The long endurance of the struggle is causing increasing bitterness. Often it has been a hard task to hold the suffering people back. Sabotage is the inevitable outcome of exasperation. There has always been a danger that passion would produce explosion, and that revenge might be sought against the oppressors.

It has lately been made widely known that dangers of internal broil menace the German State. The consequences promised by the invasion may be summarized thus: If the Government should collapse or be swept away by revolution, if the Rhineland should split off, or be violently disrupted, from the Reich, there would be a complete breakdown of Germany. There would remain the "victorious" France of military and economic power on the one hand, and Bolshevik Russia on the other, and between them Germany impotent and prostrate. There would possibly be civil war, but inflammable material exists, and Bolshevistic ideas might spread like wildfire through Germany, with catastrophic consequences. Some people who read only certain papers may say that here again is the cry of "Wolf!" But the true moral of that fable is that the wolf at last came, and we can hear his growlings now.

In these dire circumstances, in which the whole fabric of Europe is threatened, all men of good heart are seeking an outlook in constructive policy. What can that policy be? There must be a groundwork of confidence and not suspicion between the nations. Let us suppose, then, that the German Government withdrew its orders, and did what it could to abate or put a stop to passive resistance. Let us suppose that on that same day, France withdrew all restrictions from railway traffic and other communications, retaining only such railway rights as safeguarded her military transport, and that at the same moment she freed all prisoners, and quashed her orders for expulsions.

Thus would a foundation be laid. Let us then look to a further move, say, four weeks later. Germany, by legislation and economic measures, would have made ready to start Reparations again, and would have prepared the guarantees of railway bonds and other pledges mentioned in her last Note. France would simultaneously withdraw her troops from the newly occupied territory, retaining only "invisible" garrisons at places determined.

Now we come to the final stages, perhaps two months later, when the deliveries of coal, &c., would have begun again, the securities would have been deposited, and probably some gold might also be paid by raising a foreign loan. France would then evacuate the Ruhr altogether, leaving Düsseldorf, Duisburg, and other places newly occupied, free.

If England can bring about some such result, based on mutual trust, she will resume her place in the deciding counsels of high statesmanship and so restore her prestige. At the same time, she will avert disaster from Europe, and lay deep the foundations for economic progress, the restoration of the finances of the world, and the cessation or large reduction of unemployment in our industries. Politics, the effort to cut off the Rhineland, the schemes for breaking up Germany, can have no place in any such settlement. —Yours, &c.,

JOHN LEYLAND.

HINTS FOR SOCIALISTS.

SIR,—Is not your attitude to Socialism and Socialists a little too patronizing? Your criticisms are just, but do

they not apply equally to other parties? Many Socialists would agree that the debate on Capitalism was a very poor show indeed, and that properly briefed the Labour Party ought to have put up a much better case. But as A. G. G. says of the Liberal Party, so of the Labour Party: it is always in danger of becoming a party of "elderly people, an Old Guard of antique warriors." Is it fair to expect the latest ideas on credit control and the stabilization of commodity prices to be expounded by men who have probably never learnt the rudiments of currency theory, or, if they did, are now too old to unlearn what the orthodox economists taught them? Are Liberal M.P.s any better in this respect?

But this by the way. My object is to suggest that the policy of stabilization you advocate will be understood and supported by the younger generation of Socialists at least as quickly as by those who draw their inspiration from Liberal traditions. For to the uninitiated Liberalism still stands for a general prepossession in favour of *laissez faire*, speculation, and unrestricted competition. And whatever Socialism may or may not mean, you will agree it is a mode of thought that takes kindly to large-scale organization, co-operation, and collective planning. The "New Leader," for example, has on more than one occasion attacked the policy of deflation and the raising of the Bank Rate as vigorously as J. M. K., if not with his expert acumen.

Your leading article and A. G. G.'s on the "Spirit of Liberalism" suggest the reflection that the leaders of both parties have lost prestige owing to their failure to understand and to suggest remedies for post-war evils. It may be that the younger generation in seeking a remedy may find a new synthesis. A policy of price stabilization and public control of the banking monopoly may possibly provide a bridge between the progressive elements in both the old-fashioned parties of the Left—if the Conservatives do not wake up and steal their thunder, while the parties of the Left are still fighting like Tweedledum and Tweedledee about their rusty dogmas and abstractions.

Finally, let me suggest that both Socialism and Liberalism, in the widest sense, are an inspiration and a tendency rather than a set of dogmas. Backchat between them is unseemly and a barren political pastime. Practically every measure of reform is Socialistic; and many reforms in the future, let us hope, will be Liberal as well.—Yours, &c.,

TRIPLEX.

"MONETARY POLICY."

SIR,—In the first part of Mr. Charles Edward Pell's letter in your issue of the 21st inst. he very ably sets forth the necessity for "a policy which will provide a remedy for the ills of society." Most people, I imagine, are agreed as to the necessity, but I entirely disagree with Mr. Pell's conception of what constitutes the remedy.

Your correspondent states that the main causes of unemployment are those contractions of credit which follow inflation. No doubt this is to some extent true, but it is the inevitable result of inflation. Mr. Pell states that stabilization of prices is the remedy. This, I contend, is impossible. You might as well try to stabilize the wind or the weather. Prices are dependent upon too many causes quite beyond the control of Mr. Pell or anybody else, and therefore to propose to stabilize them is to propose the impossible.

I do not deny that the getting back to the old gold basis (and the same thing applies to all other countries) does involve some distress, but it is worth it because of the future gain. We must be patient and go forward slowly, but do not let us go backward. There is no short cut to continuous employment, but peace, economy, and sound finance are essential in bringing us nearer to that ideal.—Yours, &c.,

D. M. MASON.

July 23rd, 1923.

[A policy of price-stabilization does not depend on controlling the "too many causes quite beyond the control of Mr. Pell or anybody else," but on counteracting them. Mr. Mason agrees that the expansion of credit raises prices and the contraction of credit lowers them. Why should we not expand and contract credit in such a way as to balance, so far

as possible, the numerous other factors influencing the price level? Indeed, Mr. Mason's belief, that we can raise the value of our money, i.e., lower prices, by a deliberate policy of deflation, seems itself to presume that the price level can be controlled by banking policy.—ED., THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM.]

SOCIALISTS AND THE GOLD COMPLEX.

SIR,—Speakers for Socialism in the recent debate in Parliament could hardly be expected to develop every point that could be made against contemporary Capitalism. In regard to those "strains and disharmonies which"—you say—"the recklessness of the trader and the conservatism of the banker combine to impart to our social order through the medium of our monetary system," they surely exercised a prudent economy in abstaining from arguments on a subject popularly regarded as highly abstruse and technical, of which the majority of Members of Parliament are very ignorant, and in regard to which Bank Chairmen are now habitually worshipped both by the Government and the Press as the only reliable pundits. Our Government, during the war, was so much at the mercy (which on the whole was clemently exercised) of organized Banking that it still remains prostrate at the feet of its mystagogues, even when they give it a kick, as the Bank of England did this month in raising the Bank Rate. It is fortunate that THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM aims at stimulating public intelligence on such questions, to the importance of which, in reference to industrial policy, I myself called attention, at some length, in that journal about six months ago.

I then pointed out that production and the supply of the positive needs of available consumers, as well as the fate of the workers in regard to employment or unemployment, were, in consequence of the concentration of banking and finance, becoming more and more subordinated to the interests of the trade in money and credit, and that, for example, the "Times," in reviewing its correspondence on the question of a Capital Levy, had assigned the heaviest weight to the argument that the reduction of the National Debt would diminish the amount of acceptable security for bankers' advances, and to the maintenance of the nominal value, in other currencies, of the £ sterling.

Most Socialists are, and always have been, like the present Editor of THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM, what are orthodoxly regarded as currency cranks, and for the same reason, namely, that they see that the substitution of "production for use" for "production for profit" involves the handling of these questions of exchange-value, currency, and credit on principles of rational social purpose, such as you indicate, and I hope will continue to argue.

In regard to relations between capital and wages, employer and employed, the immediate facts are familiar to and commonly felt by both parties, and argument and discussion on them, or, as you say, on the "humanization of industry," immediately appeal to the interest and attention of debaters: but high finance makes them yawn, because it is remote from common cognizance and acts in an enclave of its own—most widely describable as "the City." Still narrower is the autonomy of the Bank of England.

Whenever a Labour Government comes into office it will not be found indisposed to deal with these matters, the importance of which is sufficiently clearly seen by all Socialists to ensure their support of a policy in the direction suggested. I feel sure that they will get very valuable advice from THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM in regard to any such policy. They will have, however, to act as arbitrarily, to many people's thinking, as the Bank of England now acts, on the lines of policy which, in the public interest as it understands it, but as THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM does not, it now pursues; and the average voter is not likely ever to feel sufficient critical interest in them to make them a subject of intelligent and conclusive public debate.—Yours, &c.,

SYDNEY OLIVIER.

[Sir Sydney Olivier almost terrifies us back into "orthodoxy" again by his picture of a Labour Government handling currency questions! But his letter serves to reinforce our contention that, unless the diseases of individualism arising out of an unstable standard of value are

cured by some clear thinking on sound Liberal lines, the whole order of society in which we believe may be dangerously threatened. Currency is not one of the questions on which Liberals can afford to be conservative, if they are to play their traditional part in saving us from abrupt and ill-considered revolutions.—ED., THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM.]

RELIGIOUS EQUALITY.

SIR,—The statement by "A. G. G." in your columns that "the civil and religious equality, the ideal political democracy, which was the goal of Victorian Liberalism, has been won" surely is not accurate in regard to religious equality.

The ideal of the Liberal Party was set forth in a resolution of the Council of the National Liberal Federation at Leeds in 1886, as "the recognition of the principle of religious equality in the relations between the State and all forms of religious belief"; and Gladstone, three years earlier, had defined it as "making no distinction between man and man on the ground of religious difference from one end of the land to the other." Alas! that we are so far, as yet, from the attainment of that goal.

Though disestablishment and disendowment have been secured in Wales for its 2½ millions of people, in England and Scotland, representing a population of 40 millions, State churches are still an injustice to the community. If the principle of disestablishment is true, once said Lord Coleridge, it is true everywhere.

The baneful effect of establishment upon citizens' rights may be deduced from the present irritating position of the education question and of the rating of tithe rent charge in England, both of which problems would most likely be settled immediately and equitably if there were no establishment of religion. Other instances could be given.

We may even yet be brought "perceptibly nearer the millennium" when complete religious equality is reached.—Yours, &c.,

ALFRED HOWE,
Secretary, Liberation Society.

17, Caxton House, S.W. 1.
July 23rd, 1923.

A NEW THEATRICAL PROJECT.

SIR,—I shall esteem it a courtesy if you will accord the hospitality of your columns to this letter, which has for subject a matter of general interest, namely, the formation of a new theatrical venture.

A company is being formed for the establishment of the Forum Theatre, whose artistic management will be in the hands of Mr. Theodore Komissarjevsky and Mr. Allan Wade at a well-known West-End theatre. Mr. Theodore Komissarjevsky enjoys an unrivalled reputation, based on his achievements at the Moscow Art Theatre, and his successes in Paris and New York. Mr. Allan Wade was for years the right-hand man of Mr. Granville Barker, and everyone who has seen the performances of the Stage Society and the Phoenix will realize what a debt theatre-lovers owe to him.

The stumbling-block to schemes of this kind is generally finance, but the omens are peculiarly happy in this case. A guarantor has been found who is prepared to guarantee the payment of 5 per cent. free of tax on a capital of £30,000, on condition that this sum is subscribed. The Articles of Association of the company are such that the possible losses of shareholders are strictly limited to 25 per cent. of their holding, so that investment in the Forum Theatre is a reasonable commercial proposition. It should be added that there will be no issue of free shares to the guarantor or to the promoters, whose services are honorary.

A meeting of prospective shareholders is being held at my residence, Seaford House, Belgrave Square, this week, and I cordially invite those who are interested in supporting the Forum Theatre to communicate with the joint honorary secretaries, William Foss and J. Holroyd-Reece, at Lawn House, Hampstead Square, who will be very pleased to send full particulars.—Yours, &c.,

HOWARD DE WALDEN.

July 24th, 1923.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

AN ANCIENT CODGER.

ONE talks glibly, as I did in these columns last week, about the differences between East and West, between Europe and Asia, between one race or nation or people and another. But sooner or later, if truth is to be respected, one has to admit that, where race and nationality are in question, there is only one safe generalization, and that is that it is never safe to generalize. To talk, as I did, of Asia differing from Europe in its megalomania and unworldliness and its sense of humour, is to put one's foot upon the slippery slope, at the bottom of which lie racialism, nationalism, anti-Semitism, and all the other anti-isms and pro-isms together with their professors, the Gobineaus and Treitschkes, the Houston Chamberlains and the Leo Maxses. As far as my experience goes, there is very little to distinguish the ordinary man in a Sussex village from the ordinary man in an Asiatic jungle or in the mountains of Andalusia. Sun, fog, snow, primary schools, newspapers, and other things which we call environment may make a slight difference in the colour of their skins or in the surface of their minds, but individually and essentially they are the same people, kindly, laborious, long-suffering, absorbed in their families and their fields.

* * *

THE Oxford English Dictionary defines the word *codger* as "fellow, buffer, queer old person." Some five hundred years ago there lived in the district of Angora in Turkey Nasr-ed-Din, who has been known universally in the Near East ever since as the Khoja, a title which appears to mean the "Master" or "Teacher." Whatever the title may mean, the Khoja was simply a codger, an old buffer, a queer old person. The name of the Khoja "is a household word wherever the Turkish language is spoken," for the tales of his eccentricities, of his doings and sayings, have been handed down by word of mouth from one generation of Turks to another, from the fifteenth century to the present day. Some people may have come across a little book, printed in 1884—there is a copy in the London Library—called "The Turkish Jester, or the Pleasantries of Cogia Nasr Eddin Effendi, translated from the Turkish by George Borrow"; this was the only collection of the Khoja's tales hitherto available for English readers, and even this was extremely incomplete, besides being very rare. This was not surprising, for the Sultan Abdul Hamid did not like the Khoja's humour and refused to allow the tales to be printed in Turkish, and it was only after the Turkish revolution of 1908 that a large collection of them was made and printed in Constantinople. A considerable number of these have now been translated into English and published under the title "Tales of Nasr-ed-Din Khoja, translated from the Turkish text by Henry D. Barnham, C.M.G." (Nisbet, 7s. 6d.)

* * *

THE Khoja lived nearly five centuries ago in Anatolia under the rule and in the court of the terrible Timurlane. He was a kind of court jester, an eccentric and a humourist. His personality and the individuality of his humour come out with great clearness in these ancient tales. Yet, though the tales are ancient and Asiatic and Turkish, they do not seem to me to belong to any particular time or place, or to furnish material for the kind of generalization which, at first sight, one feels that one ought to make. The Khoja five centuries ago, in the time of Timurlane, discovered what so many

of us find to-day, that we can sing beautifully in our baths when we are alone, but that song deserts us elsewhere. The story, as told by him, is characteristic. One day in his bath he began to sing a song called "Up on the rocks," and he began to think that "he had rather a nice voice and said to himself: 'If I can sing so nicely I ought to let my people hear me.'" So he went up into the minaret and began to chant the call to prayer. Whereupon a man in the street called up to him: "Shut up, you clown! What do you mean by shouting the call to prayer in that ugly voice?" "The Khoja leaned over the parapet and said to him: 'Ah, if some charitable person would only build a Turkish bath up here, you would soon see what a pretty voice I have.'"

* * *

CAN it really be said that there is anything ancient, or Eastern, or Turkish in that joke? Or, again, would the readers of our comic papers suspect that the following joke belongs to another continent, and was made half a thousand years ago?—

"One day the Khoja was coming out of doors when his next-door neighbour met him and said, 'Oh, Khoja, I have been so uneasy. This morning I heard some excited voices talking and whispering in your house, and then a loud bang. What was it?' The Khoja showed that he was annoyed, and answered, 'I had a little tiff with my wife. She became very angry, gave my coat a kick, and it rolled downstairs. That was all.' 'But,' said his neighbour, 'could a coat make all that noise?' When he repeated the question the Khoja said, 'That's enough! Why are you bothering me like this? As a matter of fact, I was inside the coat.'"

* * *

THE stuff of which the Khoja's humour is made is for the most part the eternally and universally comic, as, for instance, in a very good variation upon the mother-in-law joke. Yet his individuality and personality are extraordinarily distinct. He combines great shrewdness and impishness with great, and not altogether assumed, simplicity. It was the Khoja, remember, who finding that he could cut down his donkey's feed by one-half without any harm, went on repeating the process until he was giving the animal only a few grains of barley, and then, when the beast died, remarked: "Ah! just when we were getting him accustomed to it! 'Tis the will of Providence!" It was the Khoja who summed up all medical science in the prescription: "Keep your feet warm, your head cool, be careful what you eat, and do not think too much." It was the Khoja who, when asked whether it was better to be in front or behind the coffin when carrying a dead man to the cemetery, replied: "So long as you are not inside yourself, it doesn't matter." It was the Khoja who went off trying to find his lost donkey, giving thanks to God in a loud voice; and when they asked him why he was giving thanks to God, he replied: "Because I am not riding it. Of course, if I were, I would be lost too." And, finally, it was the Khoja who, on his death-bed, told his wife to dress herself in her best clothes, and do her hair nicely, and paint her face a little, and make herself as smart as possible. And when his wife objected, he explained to her: "I see that my end is at hand. Azrail, the Angel of Death, is hovering near. I thought, perhaps, if he saw you in these fine clothes looking like an angel or a peacock, he might take you and leave me." And an old woman in the room said—a fitting epitaph for the Khoja—"God forgive you, Khoja, but you cannot stop joking even at the point of death."

LEONARD WOOLF.

REVIEWS

DEGAS.

Degas. By JULIUS MEIER-GRAEFE. Translated by J. HOLROYD-REECE. (Ernest Benn. £2 12s. 6d.)

ONE often wonders why the judgments of their contemporaries on artists are frequently so astonishingly wide of the mark. We think of those amazing bargains which the possessor of a time-machine could gather in—of Daumier's oils to be had for the asking, Cézannes at 100 francs apiece, and so on, for the whole of the nineteenth century is littered with instances. But when one reads Mr. Meier-Graefe's book one understands something of the causes which contribute to these aberrations of judgment. For here is one of the great figures of the immediate past, a man who devoted himself to his art with extraordinary intensity and purity of motive, a man who was almost worshipped by the generation of artists which grew up around him, who never sacrificed anything to popularity or money; a man, too, of extraordinary—in certain directions unique—endowments of hand and eye, of brilliantly keen intellect and impeccable taste; and yet if the artists of to-day were asked to declare explicitly what his work amounts to, the answers would be vague, hesitating, and contradictory. No doubt there would be no general or sweeping condemnation—no one would say that he was one of the popular idols of a past generation whose hollowness had just become glaringly and eternally self-evident—but still less would there be anything like the unflinching allegiance and homage which such names as Renoir and Cézanne would provoke.

Under such circumstances, Mr. Meier-Graefe shows something like heroism in trying, as he does in this book, to find the precise value and define the specific quality of Degas. It would not, of course, require peculiar courage to write one of the ordinary "art" books on Degas, with its stock of ready-made and perfunctory eulogy, its anecdotes and dates. But that is not Mr. Meier-Graefe's way; and the penetrating analysis which he attempts demands that he shall commit himself unreservedly and take his chance of acquittal before the bar of posterity. Such acts of courage, unless they are due to mere temerity and want of imagination, can only be accomplished when a man knows his own mind thoroughly. Mr. Meier-Graefe evidently has no awkward misgivings lest the artistic atmosphere of this particular moment should contain influences inimical to any just estimate of Degas, or, at least, he trusts his insight and honesty to counteract them.

His method is dramatic; even here, where the main object is æsthetic analysis and exposition, one is constantly reminded of the author of that intensely human document, the life of Van Gogh. For though he eschews biography and scarcely talks of the man, except as artist—there is not, for instance, a single example of Degas's celebrated witticisms—he regards his works mainly as the expression of a dramatic and lifelong struggle. It is the struggle, according to Mr. Meier-Graefe, of a man of abnormal power and determination to circumvent some fundamental defect of his artistic temperament. It is difficult to state precisely what that lack was, though the author feels it very acutely. It is partly expressed by saying that he was a genre-painter, and none the less a genre-painter when, in obedience to artistic scruples, he had eliminated all possible interest from the story his pictures told.

It may be expressed by saying that Degas's vision of life was external: with an unequalled gift for noting and recording every detail of movement and expression, he was yet unable to enter into closer contact with life so as to fuse its data into any new and more personal whole. The crude fact, however brilliantly observed, however subtly recorded, remained unassimilated and external; it never became an integral part of the new life of a work of art. It should be added that even as a genre-painter, Degas was always austere, almost contemptuously, classic; that is to say, he never stooped to underline the implications of the fact; he always left it to explain itself.

Such, then, is, as I understand it, Mr. Meier-Graefe's conception of the equipment with which Degas started,

though it must be confessed that some of the phrases in which it is announced have a peculiar, vague elusiveness which makes it difficult to attach a precise meaning to them. I confess I do not quite know what the following amounts to, though I can guess at several interpretations:—

"He (Degas) lacked altogether the irrepressible desire for confession, the inner compulsion from which Manet gave birth to his 'Déjeuner,' Renoir his 'Liza,' and Cézanne his black idylls."

There are indeed, in the earlier part of the book, too many of these passages, which leave one in doubt as to whether they are the condensation of profound and subtle thought or slightly rhetorical embroideries.

Such, then, for our author, is the starting-point of Degas, and this very fact of his tendency to genre-painting isolates him among all the great artists of his age. Mr. Meier-Graefe adds:—

"We shall see to what degree Degas succeeded in overcoming this trend in his nature. We do not discuss similar steps in the progress of other masters. It would be trivial, if not banal, to mention such things in connection with Ingres or Manet, nor can they claim any measure of praise for having overcome dangers which never existed for them. In their cases, talent and instinct did for them what became the problem of a lifetime for Degas."

This is, then, the plot of the drama, and the book is devoted to showing by what wearisome and devious routes, by what heroism and pertinacity, by what alertness in making use of chance occurrences, Degas did in the end triumph—did in the end find the secret by which he could convert the infinitude of dead facts, which he had stored in his memory, into the material of living organisms. It is a moving and dramatic theme, and Mr. Meier-Graefe seizes on its human appeal. He allows this to be felt all the time in the background, colouring with a certain warmth of feeling the history of purely artistic adventures. So skilfully is this done that we feel when Degas first does a series of pastels almost as one feels at the climax of a tragedy. All the tension and anticipation of the preceding acts which have accumulated up to this point are suddenly released, and we see our way to the tranquil, and in this case triumphant, close.

Such is our author's method, and, in spite of a certain tendency to florid exuberance of emphasis, it is so effectively carried out that I imagine it will hold the attention of many readers to whom the exact differences between pastel and oils are not too familiar. Such readers will be able to sympathize with the great adventure of such a life, with the alternatives, on the one hand, of the highest kind of success to be won against the terrible odds of an unpropitious endowment, and on the other, a fundamental failure for which no amount of external success or applause could have consoled Degas.

Something, of course, has to be paid for the advantages of such a method. It is almost inevitable that, in order to bring the theme out clearly from the complicated material of Degas's long life and immense *œuvre*, the darks should be a little loaded, the intermediate tones suppressed, and the oppositions intensified. The criticism of individual pictures is sometimes, I think, a little distorted in view of the part they are called upon to play in the development of this drama. Thus, one might almost gather from the earlier part of the book that the author held a brief against his hero, and yet, as one goes on, one sees that he has only underlined Degas's defects in order to bring into higher relief his ultimate success; and nothing could be more generous or show a more responsive appreciation than his account of the radiant qualities of the late pastels. He finds happy phrases to express the peculiar splendour of those works in which Degas at last became a great colourist, after having been hitherto only a marvellously tasteful arranger of colours. "His blues, purples, violets, his orange, his greens and his pink, are like exotic plants; a decomposing process supplies the rare tone of his colours."

His account of the part played in Degas's development by the æsthetic discovery of Japan is extremely interesting, and is, indeed, the best elucidation of a whole chapter of modern art that I have yet seen. But at this point in his story, where the plot thickens and the interplay of forces becomes most complicated, Mr. Meier-Graefe at times disappoints by not allowing himself room to develop fully

some of the suggestive ideas he throws out. Here, for instance, is a phrase which invites to a long digression:—

"At the most important turning-point in his career, Degas was faced by the universal alternative: naturalism or the sham of the decorator."

One wishes that our author had devoted a whole chapter to unfolding the implications of that sentence, for, indeed, Degas's feeling for decorative design influenced almost all his work. Had he had fuller opportunities in the direction of specifically decorative painting, he might, one feels, have developed unforeseen possibilities. He certainly started his career with the definite ambition of becoming a painter of mural decorative designs, and I remember his telling me of his bitter disappointment when his study for a mural decoration at Orleans, "Life in the Times of Jeanne d'Arc," failed of success, and he gradually realized that he would have to become a painter of easel pictures.

But, indeed, one of the great charms of Mr. Meier-Graefe's book lies precisely in his power to throw out by the way hints of vistas which he refuses for the time being to explore:—

"He retained, however—and herein lies his seductive power against which even criticism is defenceless—a vision which is altogether unique in its objectivity, by which he gave to intermediate artistic processes effects which hitherto had never been suspected."

That is an illuminating remark, and indicates what will always give Degas a great position, what marks him out as so peculiar and lonely a figure. A Cézanne stands or falls by the significance of the idea he embodies, but Degas must always fascinate by these intermediate processes, even when he fails to convince us of the final result.

Or here, again—in speaking of Degas's *balletteuses*:—

"The stereotyped element in the animal nature of these dancing creatures is not without a certain splendour, which their dancing as seen by the man in the auditorium lacks. There are movements such as we see in dogs when they scratch themselves, or in tired racehorses when they are being led home."

That certainly illuminates a whole aspect of Degas's peculiar revelation.

I have assumed throughout that the translation of Mr. Holroyd-Reece represents the original faithfully. I have no means of knowing whether this is so, except that it reads so little like a translation; it moves so easily and freely and with such apparent security that it gives one confidence in his capacity to interpret his author's essential thought.

No doubt the ultimate verdict on Degas will be long in coming, but I cannot doubt that Mr. Meier-Graefe has laid here the foundation of a just and exact appreciation of that strangest, most fascinating, and yet most disquieting figure in the art of modern times. That he was at all events a great and noble man (I use "noble" in a precise sense and not as a vague and rather equivocal word of praise) no one who ever met him could doubt.

ROGER FRY.

THE ANTI-LENIN.

The Fascist Movement in Italian Life. By Dr. P. GORGOLINI. With Preface by S.E. BENITO MUSSOLINI. Translated by M. D. PETRE. (Fisher Unwin. 10s.)

THE most solid achievements of the great men of force are generally the exact opposite of their objectives—the reaction which they arouse in the souls of thousands being a mightier power, in the long run, than their own individuality. Napoleon I., for example, has left his chief mark upon the map of Europe in the union of Germany and the union of Italy, of which he was the indirect but potent cause; while the most positive achievement of Lenin's political career up to date has possibly been the creation of Fascism. Strange though this may sound to English people who have not followed the rise of Fascism closely (and of these the reviewer confesses himself one), there is no possibility of doubting it when one has read this book. The phantom of Lenin stalks across every page, not only in the mind of the author himself, but in the passages which he quotes from the speeches and articles of Mussolini and other leaders of the movement. Almost unnoticed by the rest of the world (a fact of which Italians are acutely and resentfully con-

scious), Italy has been passing, since the Armistice, through a spiritual crisis not incomparable to that which overtook Russia during the war, though, of course, less tragic in scale and consequences. Italy's storm and stress has been less violent, partly because the physical suffering of her people has been less extreme, and partly because she has a far more ancient and deeply rooted tradition of civilization. Hence the wave that has finally swept her with it has not been, as in the case of Russia, the wave of despair and dissolution, but an irresistible revolt against the prospect of annihilation and a victorious will to live. It is evident that the Fascist movement is in some way elemental, and that it is in this respect like the Russian movement for peace and demobilization in 1917; and, again, just as Lenin found his opportunity in Russia then by presenting himself as the man of the hour, so Mussolini has ridden into power in Italy upon a surge of spontaneous national feeling.

One might perhaps sum up the achievements—and the limitations—of Mussolini as portrayed in this book by describing him as the "Anti-Lenin"—of Italy for the time being, and conceivably of Continental Europe as a whole, if the other leading European countries were to come so near to Bolshevism as Italy has actually done. Mussolini is unmistakably a fighter, and to that extent a negative force. "The programme of Fascism," he is reported as having said, "is not like a gospel on which we swear. It is not ecclesiastical or hieratical. It is a kind of order of the day, the order of our own day, which may last for a year, for five years, or for a century." Probably he would describe his programme himself as "winning the war" (that is, his war after the war against Bolshevism), and would repudiate any "principles" of the kind professed by older Italian political parties. "Fascism" itself is not, in fact, a descriptive name, but merely means "groupism"—an even vaguer title than that of the "Defence of Rights" which has been selected by the followers of Mustafa Kemal. In the course of reading Dr. Gorgolini's book, however, one seems to discern certain fairly definite Fascist tendencies.

Fascism is not only anti-Bolshevist; it is against internationalism as such, whether expressed in the Third International or in the League of Nations (against which Fascists seem to be prejudiced, rather quaintly, as having been fathered by the chief opponent of Italy's Adriatic claims in the Council of Four!). It is anti-Liberal and anti all the old political parties in Italy, and it is extremely anxious to disclaim being more than incidentally pro-capital or pro-bourgeois. Indeed, Dr. Gorgolini deals almost as hardly with the unfortunate *bourgeoisie* in the old sense of the term as the most "Mongolian" Bolshevik might be expected to do. "Fascism," he writes, in what is perhaps the most interesting passage in the book, "is forming a new *bourgeoisie* out of the dense mass of the proletariat, and it is precisely from this work of penetration and social justice that arise its ethical force and meaning." The ideal, apparently, is an oligarchy, but one on a broad and constantly broadening basis—a "Politeia" rather than a "Dynasteia," to borrow Aristotle's terms. Although the centre of the movement, like that of Italian Socialism, is in industrial Milan, Fascism very sensibly puts its agricultural policy in the forefront. Here it aims at the progressive extension of peasant proprietorship (though estates are not to be divided up, except in so far as the aspirants to proprietorship show themselves capable of farming the land at the existing level of efficiency), and the goal is a percentage of peasant proprietors equal to that already attained in France. In this, Fascism reveals affinities with the "Green International" of East-Central and South-Eastern Europe, and also with the prevailing political and social temper of the United States (which, like the Fascists, have taken Bolshevism extremely hard). In foreign policy Fascism has ample but definite aims. Two good points are moderation towards Germany and a conviction that treaties actually signed must be honoured, however unpalatable. Beneath its violent and extravagant exterior, Fascism thus reveals something of the fundamental common sense of the Italian character, but its weak point is obviously its negativeness. Can it find for itself a positive future, or is it destined either to disappear with the danger that created it, or else to become the tool of some particular class-interest?

ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE.

BRITISH FOREIGN POLICY.

The Cambridge History of British Foreign Policy. Vol. II, 1815-1866. (Cambridge University Press. 31s. 6d.)

IN this volume of 620 pages a group of industrious writers, under the editorship of Sir Adolphus Ward and Mr. G. F. Gooch, attempt to tell the story of British Foreign Policy between the Congress of Vienna and the Austro-Prussian War. The book opens with two chapters by Professor Alison Phillips and Mr. Temperley on the years 1816-1827, the period of Castlereagh and Canning. After that the chronological treatment is interrupted and we have separate chapters on Belgium, the Near East, India and the Far East, and the United States. In 1848 the story is resumed with a well-written chapter by Professor Hearnshaw, covering the supremacy of Palmerston and including the prelude to the Crimean War. Mr. Reddaway unravels the tangled skein of diplomacy leading up to and including that war. Then follow another chapter on India; a chapter on the years 1859-1863, including British policy towards United Italy, Syria, and Poland; a chapter on the Zollverein and the French Treaty of 1860, and another American chapter. Finally, Dr. Ward brings up a heavy rearguard with a treatment of the Schleswig-Holstein Question and the Ionian Islands.

The value of the book consists in the fact that it is written in the light of the Foreign Office archives, to which the writers were given access. It is, in fact, an *exposé* of the British standpoint on the various diplomatic issues which arose during the half-century under review. Mistakes are, indeed, freely acknowledged, and the writers have clearly striven to be scrupulously fair in handling the evidence; but the book is written throughout from a single point of view, that of British interests as seen through British official spectacles.

This is not a criticism on the writers. They were asked to immerse themselves in the detailed material of the archives and to summarize its story. They have done so conscientiously and with great ability. As a feat of compression the volume is extraordinary. Nevertheless, it leaves, on the mind of one reader at any rate, who approached it with eager curiosity, a sense of disappointment. The fact is that these composite volumes of summary narrative, to which Cambridge has become so wedded, fall between two stools. They are too brief and lifeless to give us a sense of the original material on which they are based; and they are at the same time too stodgy and too scattered to give us a real interpretation. What we need for the understanding of British foreign policy in the nineteenth century is, firstly, a series of volumes, on the model of the recent German publication for the years 1871-1890, containing selected State papers and dispatches with brief editorial comment, and, secondly, an interpretation by a single mind of the principles underlying the diplomatic development of the period. It is devoutly to be hoped that this Cambridge experiment, useful as it is in clearing the ground, will not stand in the way of either of these two undertakings. The Foreign Office has within its own walls, in the person of its Historical Adviser, Mr. Headlam-Morley, a writer admirably equipped for the broader task of interpretation.

Of this interpretation there is, in the volume under review, hardly more than an occasional *aperçu*, such as in Miss Rachel Reid's incidental remark (p. 451) that "British statesmen, zealous as they have always been to free the Mediterranean peninsulas from foreign control, have never been anxious to see any one of them united under a single ruler." The first two chapters are the least unsatisfactory in this respect; but nowhere will the reader, anxious to understand the springs of British foreign policy, find a coherent treatment of such subjects as the function of British sea-power, the guiding principles of British commercial policy, the British attitude towards international law, the development of the idea of trusteeship or "mandate" towards backward peoples, democratic control and royal control over foreign affairs, the development of the diplomatic service, the meaning of the balance of power, British policy towards small nations, the place of alliances in British policy, the growth of international co-operation, and finally, to take two subjects on which the British people have been feeling uncomfortable for the last hundred years, the true basis of Anglo-American and Anglo-French understanding.

All these are points, touched on in passing in the volume, on which a clear statement of such principles as emerge from the detailed story is eminently needed. But perhaps some such interpretative effort is reserved for the third and concluding volume.

A. E. ZIMMERN.

COLOUR AND WHITEWASH.

Catherine de Médicis. By PAUL VAN DYKE. Two vols. Illustrated. (Murray. 42s.)

PROFESSOR VAN DYKE has produced the best study of an extraordinarily difficult period of French political history which has as yet appeared, although the claim of his publishers that his life of Catherine de Médicis has had no predecessor in English does something less than justice to the late Miss Sichel's two studies on "Catherine de Médicis and the French Reformation" and "The Later Years of Catherine de Médicis," which deserved a place in the author's bibliography. His book is a pretty example of the iconoclasm of the modern historian, of whom it may be said that he has put down the mighty from their seats and white-washed the wicked and the black. Our constitutional historians have left Magna Carta with only the rags of a reputation, while they have exalted the Merry Monarch into the hardworking architect of our Colonial Empire. A French historian has recently stripped Catherine of Siena of her fame as the great stateswoman who reconciled Popes and stayed wars, and now M. Mariéjol, Professor Van Dyke, and a group of English writers have finally destroyed the legend of Catherine de Médicis, whom generations of Protestant writers and the genius of Dumas and Balzac so long presented to the world as a monster in human form, whose life was one long exercise in debauchery, murder, and crime. One trembles for the future of the Borgias; under the scalpel of the scientific historians all the drama seems to be oozing out of history. No more magnificent blacks and refulgent whites; a common greyness silvers everything.

It is true that the blackest stain of all is still left upon Catherine's memory. She must still take the blame for inciting the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, but it is now proven beyond all dispute that she never planned it. It was an unpremeditated impulse, a sudden *crise de nerfs* on the part of an exasperated woman, which nearly ruined all her previous policy. It is true, also, that she was neither a stateswoman nor a patriot. How should she be? Elizabeth across the water, to whom she tried so hard to wed her son, was every whit her match in dishonest intrigue; but Elizabeth was bone of England's bone and loved it as it loved her; the intrigues were for the State. Catherine, trying desperately to keep together a France riddled with every religious and political faction, was never anything but the "foreign woman," "the Italian," the "banker's daughter." How should she feel love of France? What she did love was her family; her sons were her fatherland; and since her sons were kings, it is far from certain that her policy was not the best which the circumstances allowed for France. Her policy of balance has been condemned, but could she have headed a "Politique" party, or played the rôle later played by Henry of Navarre? He at least did not think so; and the Venetian Ambassador, writing home to his Government (what would historians of the sixteenth century do without the reports of this marvellous group of men?), summed her up more generously than posterity has done:—

"I do not know of any prince, however far-sighted, who would not have lost his head in such a tangle, not to speak of a woman, a foreigner, without trusty advisers, in constant fear, and never hearing a solitary word of truth. As for me, I am only astonished that she has not been distracted and placed herself at the mercy of one of the two parties, which would have been the ruin of the kingdom, for she has after all preserved such little respect for royalty as is now to be seen at the Court, and therefore I have pitied rather than accused her."

It is impossible not to shudder at the horrible story of St. Bartholomew, but, when one closes these two large volumes, the picture which remains in the mind is not that of the half-frantic queen who roused that inferno, but of an elderly, stout, gouty woman, a martyr to earache, often so ill that she had to hold conferences from her bed, travelling incessantly up and down France; wearing out her horses,

wearing out her suite, wearing out herself; never resting, never despairing, and (so great was her skill in the management of human beings) hardly ever failing; and all this not to rouse religious passions or political intrigue, but to reconcile, to moderate, to keep the peace. There never was a harder worker in the cause of peace than Catherine de Médicis. For the rest, she was a model of respectability in the most profligate Court in Europe, personally tolerant in an age of religious bigotry, and guilty of hardly one of the atrocious crimes which have been laid at her door. Her whole career has been misread in the lurid light of St. Bartholomew, which was her one departure from it.

The book is full of vivid pictures of the scene in which Catherine's life was set. It certainly lives. But it is a pity that, with so many undoubted merits, it should be disfigured by such irritating blemishes of style. Professor Van Dyke is capable of such "howlers" in taste as the remark (better suited to a cinema caption) that "the splendours of the Court of the later Valois kings were fairly soaked in sex appeal"; and he sees no unsuitability in rendering thus a report sent home to the Spanish Government by the proudest Ambassador in Europe: "The Duke of Alençon has small weight, a vicious little chap, who says he is a Catholic, but keeps himself surrounded by Protestants"; or in making the Papal Nuncio write: "The King is always sticking in the house." His lively translations are too often marred by such incongruities.

EILEEN POWER.

A NOTE ON SOME NEW NOVELS.

Lonely Furrow. By MAUD DIVER. (Murray. 7s. 6d.)

Grey Wethers. By V. SACKVILLE-WEST. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)

Over the Footlights. By STEPHEN LEACOCK. (Lane. 5s.)

Why They Married. By Mrs. BELLOC LOWNDES. (Heinemann. 6s.)

Enchanted Casements. By AGNES and EGERTON CASTLE. (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.)

OF these five books I have no hesitation in placing Mrs. Diver's "Lonely Furrow" first. To the ultra-modern reader it may seem a trifle old-fashioned; it has an excellent though simple plot; the principal characters are people one would care to meet in real life—people capable of delicacy and self-sacrifice—while a strong element of affection is mingled with the passion of the lovers. The scene is India; the hero Colonel Ian Challoner, a middle-aged and somewhat worn and overworked official, none too happy in his marriage. But he is a man of great personal charm, and the fineness of his nature pervades the book. It also deepens and makes more poignant the tragic, broken love-story that lies behind his relations with Vanessa Vane. These two are made for each other (Vanessa is, indeed, a kind of reincarnation of the Colonel's first love), but not till, deserted by his wife, he lies dying of typhoid, do they for a brief moment realize and give expression to what each has been to each. All this, I say, may seem old-fashioned and sentimental, but the story itself is not sentimental, and behind it one watches a vivid picture of life in India to-day. Mrs. Diver, incidentally, gives us the portrait of a charming little girl, the Colonel's youngest daughter, and charming little girls are rare in fiction. The whole thing is a sound, satisfying piece of work, for which one can predict a wide and well-deserved popularity.

Is it far-fetched to suggest that Miss Sackville-West in her romance of the Downs has been subconsciously influenced by a memory of "Wuthering Heights"? Clare Warriner is her Catherine, Nicholas Lovel her Heathcliff, and Richard Calladine her Edgar Linton. But whereas in "Wuthering Heights" we come closer to spiritual realities than perhaps in any other novel, "Grey Wethers" is largely fanciful: the one book is passionate, personal, lyrical; the other an embroidery, a tapestry, its background the Downs, into which half a dozen decorative figures have been skilfully woven. There are some good scenes in the story, but an air of unreality rests upon it as a whole, an unreality heightened by the amazingly literary conversation of Calladine. Why, with his highly sophisticated tastes, such a person as Calladine should continue to live at Starvecrow

is difficult to imagine. Still more difficult is it to see why Clare should marry him, or why Nicholas should marry the good-for-nothing, brazen-faced Daisy Morland. The reasons offered by Miss Sackville-West strike me as unconvincing, and even frivolous. It is true that I can think of none better myself; but then I am not obliged to. More real is the behaviour of the half-crazed Oliver and his obscene old mother. Yet they, too, belong to the decoration, and all the fantastic business of Oliver and the mirror leaves one uncertain as to whether or not it is to be taken symbolically. Behind everything—for me—there is the vision of Silbury Hill, and the consciousness that this book might have been, and yet is not, the story of Silbury Hill. Nor is it, I feel, the real story of the earthwork and its ancient stones, though that real story, certainly the real story of Silbury, would be much more fantastic even than "Grey Wethers." Only it would be fantastic in a different way; the whole atmosphere would be different, is different, for it exists, and it seems to me that Miss Sackville-West has somehow missed it.

Mr. Stephen Leacock's new volume is very like those that have preceded it. It is not so funny as some of the earlier books; nevertheless, it is quite amusing enough to pass the time pleasantly. The greater part of it is composed of parodies of various kinds of drama, while the remaining chapters deal with such subjects as "My Lost Dollar," "Why I refuse to play Golf," &c.

"Behind every marriage there is generally another story." Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, whom I had associated with sensational romance, has chosen this motto for a book which consists of seven of these "other" stories, all told gracefully, if one or two of them are rather thin, and none, perhaps, calls for special comment. "A Beautiful Superstition" might indeed have been made a beautiful story had it been treated more suggestively; but Mrs. Belloc Lowndes prefers to tell it with so matter-of-fact a simplicity that not till we have reached the end do we realize that it is the dead mother who has been hovering near and protecting her children. As for the tales of Agnes and Egerton Castle, they are little fragments of romance—costume, cloak-and-dagger romance for the most part—and bookish, too, written in a mannered style, titivated with archaic ornament. "Nocturne," whether it be an authentic page of Hoffmann or a very clever imitation, is the most successful. That particular note of madness, or of nightmare, which it strikes, was Hoffmann's own. In two or three of the remaining stories the period is modern and the setting English.

FORREST REID.

ANABAPTISM AND METHODISM.

The Baptist Movement on the Continent of Europe. By J. H. RUSHBROOKE. Second Edition. (Carey Press. 3s. 6d.)

John Wesley and the Methodist Societies. By JOHN S. SIMON. (Epworth Press. 18s.)

THE Baptist, or Anabaptist, Movement has suffered a certain eclipse in history. In the sixteenth century it was a power; Sebastian Franck and Balthasar Hubmaier would have less to retract to-day than Luther or Calvin. But its best side was in advance of the times; and it was discredited by the excesses of "the Kingdom of God in Munster." Its mystical values passed over into Quakerism, its intellectual into Rationalism, and its social into political speculations of a revolutionary type. For Dryden the parallel to the Baptist is the fierce and unclean boar; and when the Movement became a religious sect its recruits came mainly from the uneducated classes; so that, since literature revenges herself on those who slight her, it fell into disrepute. But its potentialities have all along been great; its practice and theory of Baptism are more primitive than those of its opponents; it is the Church that has changed.

In England the abolition of University tests has gone far to remove the reproach of illiteracy from its adherents; one of our leading writers on Apologetic is a member of a Baptist Church. Dr. Rushbrooke's book stands on a lower cultural level; but, as a record of religious work in Northern and Central Europe, it has a certain interest. The impression left is that the mind of the sixteenth century is still to be found among sections of the population. The

activity of the Baptists in these circles seems to be of the nature of a leaven; and, should these pious sectaries recover the vein of mysticism and enlightenment possessed by their predecessors, they might again become a religious force.

The Methodist societies, which were the precursors of the Methodist Churches, were originally under Moravian influence. Their object was to provide seedplots of a more fervent piety, a stricter discipline, and a more zealous propaganda than were possible in the Church at large. The dangers, however, to which a Church within a Church is exposed are obvious. From the first their temper was sectarian: "Tillotson," said one preacher, "knew no more of Christianity than Mohammed"; the "Whole Duty of Man" has "sent thousands to hell." Their members disputed over nice points of Puritan Divinity, now (happily) unintelligible to us; they were subject to the tyranny of the confessional without its safeguards; they were interrogated in public by their class leaders as to their actions, their words, and even their thoughts. "A more appalling system of religious terrorism has seldom existed," says Lecky, "or one more fitted to unhinge a tottering intellect: the Methodist preached especially to the nerves." Few either of the elderly or the educated were affected by Wesley's preaching; the victims were the ignorant and the young. The Antinomianism which haunts enthusiasm as its shadow made its appearance; superstition was unchecked—Wesley himself insisted on the reality of witchcraft and had recourse to the *Sortes Biblicæ*; religious mania dogged the steps of the preachers; the temper of Methodism was as alien to that of the non-episcopal churches as to that of the National Church. In Scotland the movement was a failure; the people were better educated, and the level of preaching was, as it still is, higher than here. The Revival was, in fact, a mixed, a very mixed, magnitude; its more equivocal features have, indeed, been dropped or modified in practice; but in the beginning they were present on a large scale. The opposition of the clergy need not surprise us; so excellent a man as Bishop Butler—for the bishops of the eighteenth century spoke their minds more plainly than those of the twentieth—declared that the claim to particular inspiration was "a horrid thing." It is easy to frame either an indictment against, or a panegyric of, the Methodist Movement; the same may be said of the Reformation and the Revolution, or of any great movement of mankind. But neither denunciation nor panegyric increases knowledge: this lies in *nuance*—i.e., in discrimination of tendency. Burns's famous lines on the Solemn League and Covenant are an example. A movement, like a man, must be judged as a whole, and we may reverse the judgment of Antony: it is the good that men do that "lives after them"; it is the evil that "is oft interred with their bones."

A. F.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Art of Thomas Hardy. By LIONEL JOHNSON. To which is added a Chapter on the Poetry by J. E. BARTON, and a Bibliography by JOHN LANE. (The Bodley Head, 8s. 6d.)

LIONEL JOHNSON's book appeared in 1894 when "Jude the Obscure" was still unfinished. That fact, however, scarcely diminishes its value, and lends, indeed, a freshness to Johnson's criticism which is absent from the monotonous chorus of praise which salutes an accepted figure. Hardy was still in 1894 "maybe of the classics." Henry James was beginning to be known for the "daintiest trifles." Johnson's book is a piece of fine and stimulating criticism, as anyone may prove by reading it as criticism should be read, in the wake of the books it discusses, and so letting its considered judgments mix with his own direct impressions. But in 1894 Johnson was forced to deal with one side only of Hardy's genius, for at that time none of the poetry had appeared. To complete the volume, therefore, Mr. Barton has added an essay upon Hardy's poetry which is both sensible and sincere. His sense is displayed in pointing out the folly of demanding "messages" and philosophies from poets. "When you extract a poet's ideas . . . they cease to be poetic." This was worth saying when so many critics are forcing Mr. Hardy into philosophical strait-waistcoats of their own devising. If he has a message, it is that he "assigns eternal value to

great moments of experience." That, too, was worth saying for a different reason. It makes us think on for ourselves, and so freshens our desire to read the poems again.

The German Constitution. By RENÉ BRUNET. (Fisher Unwin, 10s. 6d.)

It is useful to have at last a volume in English on the new German Constitution, in the shape of a translation of "La Constitution du 11 Août" by the Professor of Constitutional Law at the University of Caen. His description and analysis of the new Constitution, and of the circumstances in which it was drawn up, are just and clear. The work is enormously interesting, because it explains how the old authority-ridden Germany has come to be governed by one of the most democratic constitutions at present in existence. The sections on "The Democratic Principle" and "The Economic Constitution" are of great interest, for they show that "democracy" in the German Constitution is not a mere compound of voting by ballot and proportional representation; its realization is further sought in a scheme for Workers' Councils in Industry and in a vocational Parliament, in which the leading men of the organized vocations exercise a publicly recognized authority in government. More attention will undoubtedly have to be turned to this aspect of democratic government as time goes on, for the problems of our own day are so threatening to internal peace, and the old institutions of "formal democracy" (as it is called in Germany) so incapable of dealing with them, that new machinery must be found to fulfil the tasks of government. It is to be hoped that the short discussion of this aspect of democracy begun in this volume will be taken up at greater length. Brunet's work is important, not merely because it describes past events, but because almost every section of the description suggests questions both to the author and to the reader. Nor should we omit to point out the admirable preface contributed by that *doyen* in political science, Professor Charles Beard. Its gist is: Study the records of government, compare, and create.

We doubt whether the translator knows much about the German Constitution, or indeed about public administration generally. In his translation of Clause 130 (page 327) he writes, "The civil officers are servants of the whole community, not of a part of it." The correct rendering is "The officials serve the whole community, not a *party*." This is a declaration against anything in the nature of a "spoils" system. When we say that a good index and more documentation would have made the volume more valuable, we do not wish to imply that it is not otherwise an excellent study.

The Geography of Strabo. With an English Translation by HORACE LEONARD JONES. Volume II.—Polybius: the Histories. With an English Translation by W. R. PATON. Volume III. Loeb Classical Library. (Heinemann, 10s. each.)

THESE are among the latest publications of the Loeb Classical Library. The first contains Books III.-V. of Strabo's "Geography," a book which certainly has fewer readers than it deserves. In the other we have Book V. of Polybius, which begins with the year 218 B.C., and the fragments of Books VI., VII., and VIII.

MUSIC

THE FEAR OF THE FUTURE.

MODERN music, whatever its value may be, seems to have an extraordinary power of exciting hatred. It excites hatred to a certain extent even in England, but it is nothing to the hatred which it excites abroad. In considering the expression of this hatred, one must take into account certain differences of national temperament. The most extreme types of modern music have come from Italy, and, as far as I can gather, it is precisely in Italy that hostility towards modern music is most acute. In England we are always behind the times; even our most advanced composers are considered quite old-fashioned by the advanced composers abroad. As to the public, a certain section of it holds the opinions of the General in Mr. Osbert Sitwell's poem. The General disapproves of Art, and of all the arts music is the one of which he disapproves most strongly. But most of those who do care for music are inclined to a certain humility about it. On the whole, they would like to enjoy it rather

than not; what is the good of paying for a ticket for a concert if you only come away in a bad temper? Italians, on the other hand, enjoy making a demonstration. When they protest against the futurists they are having as much fun as the futurists themselves. It is like their delight in fireworks, which arises not so much from the pleasure which they give to the eye, as from that which they give to the ear. English people look at fireworks, and often look at them in breathless silence—surely a complete misconception of their intention. In France people may think they like modern music or hate it, but what they really enjoy is chattering about it. Paris has always been the place for musical wars. There was the "Guerre des Bouffons" in the middle of the eighteenth century, and later the war of the Gluckists and the Piccinnists. But when one comes to examine these things, one finds that in reality they were wars of journalists and pamphleteers. Piccinni had a cordial admiration for Gluck; it was not reciprocated, but Gluck was one of those many composers who are not much interested in any music but their own. In the actual history of music itself the war was a negligible matter. There is a hatred of modern music in Germany too, but that arises from the solemnity with which music, and still more musical criticism, is regarded by the whole nation. In Germany, if a man writes a book about music, his readers do not want to know what his own new ideas are. It is rather impertinent of him to have new ideas at all; what interests the readers is to observe the arguments with which he is expected to refute, or try to refute, the ideas of his predecessors. If he simply ignores them and goes his own way, that is an even greater impertinence. It suggests that he has not read his predecessors.

The favourite argument against the class of composers who are often lumped together under the convenient description of "futurists" is that they are not sincere. They cannot believe, say the respectable, that their own music is beautiful; the one motive which induces them to compose is the desire to be talked about. I see no reason to suppose that the modern composers are any more vain than those of the past. Vanity is nothing new in the world of artists. But what does change is the position which the musician holds in the world in general. These changes go a long way towards explaining the changes in music itself. During the eighteenth century the composer was a servant. If he was not the actual servant of a prince he was the servant of an impresario. He wrote to order, and the marvel is that so much of this music written to order for the entertainment of a patron is of genuine artistic value. The French Revolution changed the attitude of the musician, because even the musicians could not help being affected by the new ideas which were influencing the whole world. The musician began to think himself a prophet. Beethoven had patrons, but he made a point of being rude to them. That was a momentary reaction against the age of Mozart. The real nineteenth-century music begins with the *grandioso* of Liszt and ends with the *nobilmente* of Elgar. The nineteenth century venerated Beethoven, not so much because he was a great man, as because the nineteenth century loved venerating people. The eighteenth century expected the musician to venerate his patron; what he thought about his own predecessors did not much matter. Liszt and Wagner both found their music hated, but both of them succeeded in obtaining an enormous amount of personal veneration.

The modern age has taken a different view of music altogether. It resents veneration. One of my teachers once told me that he found Brahms the most completely satisfying of all composers. "More so than Beethoven?" I asked, for in those days Beethoven was everyone's god. "Yes," he said. He went on with a rather embarrassed hesitation, "You see, I can't get over the fact that Beethoven every now and then is rather vulgar. Now Brahms is never vulgar!" I wonder what Brahms would have said if he could have heard this! But my teacher gave chapter and verse for what he called Beethoven's vulgarity, and he really was a very honest man. There is something rather comical

about prim Sir George Grove's admiration for Beethoven's "unbuttoned" moments, when he finds Schiller altogether too unbuttoned. It is this exaggerated reverence for Beethoven which makes the younger generation scoff at him. A great deal of the hostility towards modern music is excited by its alleged want of seriousness and its offences against good taste. What the older generation does not see is that Beethoven was committing just the same offences against the good taste and the seriousness of his own day. Orchestral players laughed when they were first confronted with the symphonies. It was perfectly natural.

Time passes, and all music takes on the respectability of age. It is often said that we are too near to contemporary music to form a judgment upon it; we find it safer to throw the responsibility on posterity. It is just as hard, perhaps harder, to form an honest judgment on the music of the past. Many people who ought to know better are ludicrously uncritical about "old music." We know that it is not correct to admire the best-sellers of to-day, but trivialities of a hundred years ago are always in good taste. Besides, trivialities of a special kind are in fashion. It is all part of the reaction against the nineteenth century. The musician is no longer prophetic and monumental; even in Germany the spirit of scepticism breaks in.

Scepticism, observes the serious critic, can never produce a great art. But it is curious that those people who invoke the judgment of posterity should so often talk as if music was to come to a complete end after our own period. Posterity, presumably, is not to produce any music of its own, but to devote itself entirely to the veneration of you and me. When one looks back at the history of music one sees that all these things have happened over and over again. How intense the hostility to contemporary music was at any given period we cannot measure. The apparent hostility at any time depends largely upon purely literary conditions. What we can see plainly is the recurrence of experimental periods, such as the short-lived fashion for extreme chromaticism in the days of the madrigals. It stands isolated; it is a deliberate trick of style; it founds no school. But it makes music, for all that; and gradually its devices become absorbed into the general musical language. Probably people hated it just as people nowadays hate the polytonalists and the atonalists; certainly the French hated Italian music in the days just before Lully. The Italian chromatic intervals were among the things offensive to the best French taste. But they became absorbed, and we can trace them going on in Purcell and Bach. Probably something of the same sort will happen fifty or a hundred years hence. But as we shall not be alive to comfort our uncertain souls with that reassuring verdict which posterity always is supposed to give, we may as well listen to what our contemporaries are writing and prepare ourselves to understand and possibly even to enjoy it.

EDWARD J. DENT.

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that I should have got more thrills out of the loves of the isosceles and scalene triangles than I did out of those of the Queen of the Ansarey and the Rose of Sharon. "Edith Millbank," the adapter of "Tancred," has solved her problem in a very simple way. She has, I believe, put nothing in the play which is not in the novel, except that she has subtracted, in the programme, a letter from Lord Montacute's name and has added a live green parrot (a highly accomplished actor) to the shoulder of the Prime Minister of the Queen of the Ansarey. Otherwise, the play is little more than a reshuffling of the conversations and incidents in the novel. The England section dwindles to a prologue, and, as soon as possible, we are whisked off to see the romantic Dizzy in Palestine. There, naturally, the play becomes a rather ordinary romantic melodrama in which the occasional flashes of Dizzy's brilliant cynicism in the mouth of Fakredeem and the far from occasional dissertations upon Judaism seem singularly out of place. We have only one suggestion: since the delightful Lady Bertie and Bellair appears in the Prologue, surely she ought to be allowed to say her great *mot*: "I cannot understand you; your feelings are my own. Jerusalem has been the dream of my life. I have always been endeavouring to reach it, but somehow or other I never got further than Paris."

The parrot was not the only accomplished actor. Mr. Lawrence Hanray was excellent as Fakredeem and Miss Raeburn did all that was possible with the Rose of Sharon.

L. W.

THE PUBLISHERS' TABLE

MR. JOHN MURRAY'S list includes the second series of "The Letters of Queen Victoria," roughly covering the years 1862-1882, edited by Mr. G. E. Buckle; "Ionicus," or a choice of the correspondence of William Johnson Cory, schoolmaster and poet, edited by Lord Esher; "Contemporary Criticisms of Dr. Samuel Johnson," reviews and opinions brought into one view by Mr. J. K. Spittal; and "Jane Welsh Carlyle: Letters to her Family, 1839-1860," documents new to print, edited by Dr. Leonard Huxley.

"SEA-COAST OF BOHEMIA," by Mr. Louis Golding, will be published very shortly by Messrs. Christophers; the same firm announces a new novel by Mr. John Palmer, called "Looking After Joan."

To the crop of publications brought into being by the modern successes of John Gay, the Yale University Press are adding "Gay's Beggar's Opera: its Content, History, and Influence," by Professor W. E. Schultz; while Messrs. Frederick Warne will publish at an early date, in an edition of 250 copies only, "John Gay." This volume is being luxuriously produced, and comprises a copious biography of Gay by the late W. H. K. Wright, the "Fables," and sixty-eight wood engravings after drawings by William Harvey.

ANOTHER work which Messrs. Warne have in progress is a new volume by Mr. T. A. Coward in the "Wayside and Woodland Series." Mr. Coward describes much of British wild nature which the previous handbooks of this set did not cover, and the book is plentifully illustrated.

A SERIES called "The Hispanic Library" is planned by the Chelsea Publishing Company, under the general editorship of Mr. Francis C. Prevot. The first volume, due this autumn, is a translation of the fourteenth-century "Chronicle of Don Jaymio, King of Arrogan."

THE verse of Lord de Tabley, scattered through many pseudonymous as well as acknowledged volumes, has been probably more praised than pondered. Mr. John Drinkwater has chosen and edited a volume of this poet's work, which the Oxford University Press will publish.

A SECOND edition of "Valour and Vision," an anthology of war poetry compiled by Miss Jacqueline T. Trotter, is in progress. The anthologist is including certain poems omitted by oversight in the 1919 edition, and others on war themes which have made their appearance since 1919. The publisher will be Mr. Philip Lee-Warner. The proceeds from the book's sale will be handed over to "The Incorporated Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society."

THE WEEK'S BOOKS

Asterisks are used to indicate those books which are considered to be most interesting to the general reader. Publishers named in parentheses are the London firms from whom books published in the country or abroad may be obtained.

FICTION.

- ATKEY (Bertram). The Man with Yellow Eyes. Newnes, 2/6.
BLUNCK (Hans Friedrich). Berend Fock: die Mär vom gottabtrünnigen Schiffer. Munich, G. Müller.
CAMPBELL (Capt. R. W.). Josh Jennings at Luxor. Nash & Grayson, 7/6.
*COLE (G. D. H.). The Brooklyn Murders. Collins, 7/6.
FELSTEAD (Sidney Theodore). A Society Adventuress. Murray, 7/6.
*GREEN (Anna Katharine). The Step on the Stair. Lane, 7/6.
HARKER (L. Allen). The Vegaries of Tod and Peter. Murray, 7/6.
MASON (Gwladys). The Bonny Road. Parsons, 7/6.
PRAVIEL (Armand). The Murder of Monsieur Fualdes. Tr. by Doris Ashley. Collins, 7/6.
PRYCE (Devereux). Out of the Ages. Parsons, 7/6.
*PUGH (Edwin). The Secret Years. Palmer, 7/6.
*SNELL (Edmund). The Yellow Seven. Fisher Unwin, 7/6.
WHARTON (Anthony). The Man on the Hill. Fisher Unwin, 7/6.
*ZILWA (Lucian de). A Chandalia Woman. Heath Cranton, 7/6.

GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, ANTIQUITIES.

- ABERCROMBIE (Patrick). KELLY (Sydney), and FYFE (Theodore). The Deeside Regional Planning Scheme. Hodder & Stoughton, 7/6.
*BOSWELL (James). The Journal of a Tour to Corsica; and Memoirs of Pascal Paoli. Ed. with Introduction, by S. C. Roberts. Cambridge Univ. Press, 6/-.
RYE (Walter). Some Early English Inscriptions in Norfolk. Il. Jarrolds, 7/6.
VAN BUREN (E. Douglas). Archæic Fictile Revetments in Sicily and Magna Græcia. 19 pl. Murray, 21/-.
WHITEHOUSE (J. Howard), ed. Bembridge: an Historical and General Survey. By Members of Bembridge School. Oxford Univ. Press, 5/-.

HISTORY.

- ARGUEDAS (Alcides). Histoire Générale de la Bolivie. Trad. de l'Espagnol par S. Dilhaen. Paris, Alcan, 12fr.
AUSTRALIA. Historical Records. Despatches and Papers relating to the Settlement of the States. Vol. VI. Library Committee of the Commonwealth Parliament.
BALLARD (Vice-Admiral G. A.). America and the Atlantic. Maps. Duckworth, 10/6.
*BARKER (Ernest). The Crusades. Milford, 2/6.
FLETCHER (C. R. L.). An Introductory History of England: Vol. V. 1815-80. Maps. Murray, 9/-.
GATTI (Angelo). Nel Tempo della Tormenta. Rome, Mondadori, 12 lire.
*HALEVY (Elie). Histoire du Peuple Anglais au XIXe Siècle: Vol. III. 1830-41. Paris, Hachette, 25fr.
HALLIDAY (W. Reginald). The Growth of the City State: Lectures on Greek and Roman History. First Series. Liverpool Univ. Press (Hodder & Stoughton), 7/6.
HOLMES (T. Rice). The Roman Republic and the Founder of the Empire. 3 vols. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 63/-.
INSTITUTE OF HISTORICAL RESEARCH. Bulletin. Vol. I. No. 1. 2/-—First Annual Report. Longmans.
LIVINGSTONE (R. W.). The Pageant of Greece. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 6/6.
MAXWELL (Constantia). Irish History from Contemporary Sources (1509-1610). Allen & Unwin, 15/-.
NICKERSON (Hoffman). The Inquisition: a Political and Military Study of its Establishment. Pref. by Hilaire Belloc. Bale, 15/-.
*PERRY (W. J.). The Children of the Sun: an Enquiry into the Early History of Civilization. Methuen, 18/-.
*PETRIE (Sir W. M. Flinders). Social Life in Ancient Egypt. Constable, 6/-.
POWERS (H. H.). A Florentine Revue. Macmillan, 4/6.
RIVINGTON (Reginald T.). The Worshipful Company of Stationers. Il. G. W. Jones, Gough Sq., E.C.4.
ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY. Centenary Volume, 1823-1923. Ed. by F. Eden Pargiter. The Society, 74, Grosvenor St., W.1.
*STEWART (H. F.) and DESJARDINS (Paul). French Patriotism in the Nineteenth Century (1814-35). Cambridge Univ. Press, 8/6.
TANNER (J. R.), ed. Descriptive Catalogue of Naval Manuscripts in the Pepysian Library, Cambridge: Vol. IV. Admiralty Journal. Navy Records Society (Clowes & Sons, 94, Jermyn St., S.W.1), 30/-.
TATE (Gerald). The Captivity and Trial of Marie Antoinette. Methuen, 5/-.
*TELEKI (Count Paul). The Evolution of Hungary and its Place in European History. Il. Macmillan, 16/-.
*TIN (Pe Maung) and LUCE (G. H.). The Glass Palace Chronicle of the Kings of Burma. Milford, 10/-.
WEDGWOOD (Josiah C.). Staffordshire Parliamentary History: Vol. II. Parts 1 and 2. Stafford, William Salt Archaeological Society (Harrison & Sons).
*WORSFOLD (Basil). Sir Battle Frere: a Footnote to the History of the British Empire. Por. Thornton Butterworth, 25/-.

WAR.

- BELLASIS (E. S.). The Fighting Ships and their Work. Il. Eveleigh Nash, 12/6.
GULLETT (H. S.). The Australian Imperial Force in Sinai and Palestine, 1914-18. Il., maps. Sydney, Angus & Robertson, 28/-.
JERROLD (Douglas). The Royal Naval Division. Intro. by Winston K. Churchill. Il. Hutchinson, 21/-.
KANN (Réginald). Le Plan de Campagne Allemand de 1914 et son Exécution. Maps. Paris, Payot, 10fr.
MAXWELL (W. N.). A Psychological Retrospect of the Great War. Foreword by Prof. John Laird. Allen & Unwin, 6/-.
SPARROW (Walter Shaw). The Fifth Army in March, 1918. Intro. by Sir Hubert Gough. Lane, 7/6.

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	Darlington	38/9	Durham	42/6	Middlesbrough	40/-	Newcastle	45/3
1.14 p.m.	Northallerton	36/6	Saltburn	42/-	Scarborough	38/3	South Shields	45/3
	Sunderland	43/9	Thirsk	35/-	West Hartlepool	41/3	York	31/6
	Kirkby-in-Ashfield	22/-	Mansfield	22/9	Sutton-in-Ashfield	22/9		
1.14 p.m.	Oldham	31/-						
2.5 p.m.	Brigg	26/6	Cleethorpe	26/3	Gainsborough	24/-		
2.5 p.m.	Banbury	11/3	Chesterfield	24/3	Quorn	18/-	Grimsby	26/-
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11.40 a.m.	Brightlingsea	10/9	Clacton-on-Sea	12/-	Halstead	9/6	Parkeston Q.	11/9
	Walton-on-Naze	12/3	Sudbury	10/-	Colchester	9/-	Harwich	12/-
	Haverhill	9/6			Dovercourt	12/-	Frinton-on-Sea	12/-
	Aldeburgh	17/-	Gorleston-on-Sea	20/6	Thorpness	16/6	Southwold	18/6
	Bungay	19/-	Carlton Colville	19/6	Framlingham	15/6	Saxmundham	15/6
1.15 p.m.	Becles	18/6	Stowmarket	13/9	Lowestoft	20/-	Ipswich	11/9
	Yarmouth	20/3	Fakenham	19/-	Felixstowe	14/3	Woodbridge	13/6
	Halesworth	17/-			Leiston	16/-		
	Bury St. Edmunds	13/-	Cromer	21/-	West Runton	21/-	Wisbech	14/-
	Dereham	19/-	Overstrand	21/-	Oulton Broad	20/-	Mildenhall	13/-
1.40 p.m.	Hunstanton	19/-	Mundesley	21/-	Wroxham	20/3	Saffron Walden	7/6
	Cambridge	9/3	Sheringham	21/-	Norwich	19/-	Newmarket	12/-
	Ely	12/-	North Walsham	20/3	King's Lynn	16/3	Wells-on-Sea	21/3
	Thetford	15/3			March	12/9	St. Ives	10/-

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FINANCE AND INVESTMENT

THE MEASURE OF DEFLATION—AN INQUIRY INTO INDEX NUMBERS.

THE City Editor of the "Times" writes:—"As prices have remained stable within the past eighteen months, it is difficult to appreciate the force of many arguments employed by those who are avowedly in favour of stabilization." This statement is nearly true if we take, for example, the Board of Trade Index of Wholesale Prices as our measure of stability. But this is not the whole story. The following figures show that the raising of the Bank Rate is only one more step in a policy of Deflation which has been silently but steadily pursued for some time,—a policy which is partly responsible for the failure of trade and employment in this country to keep pace with the revival in the United States during the first half of this year. The following attempt at a rough statistical estimate indicates that the actual deflation of purchasing power during the past eighteen months has amounted to about 10 per cent.

	(1) Bank of England Private Deposits.*	(2) Aggregate Note Issue.*	(3) Average of (1) and (2).*	(4) Clearing Bank Deposits.†
1922.				
1st Quarter	100	100	100	100
2nd "	92	99	96	97
3rd "	88	98	93	94
4th "	88	96	92	94
1923.				
1st Quarter	91	93	92	92
2nd "	84	95	90	90

* Average of middle of each month.
† Average of end of each month.

The Bank of England's private deposits and the Note Issue comprise between them the available "cash," upon the basis of which credit can be created. The Clearing Banks' deposits are the measure of the credit actually created. There is, as there should be, a fairly close agreement between the two, justifying 10 per cent. as the best available estimate of the amount by which purchasing power has been deflated.

What has been happening to prices in the meantime? The Index Numbers of wholesale prices have only fallen slightly. But, as stated above, these figures do not give a complete account of the situation. The cost of food (and the cost of living generally), and also the level of wages, both of which have an effect on the demand for purchasing power out of proportion to the weight given them in index numbers of wholesale prices, have fallen much more sharply:—

	Board of Trade Wholesale Prices.	Food Prices.	Wages.
1922.			
1st Quarter	100	100	100
2nd "	99	100	94
3rd "	97	95	88
4th "	96	92	83
1923.			
1st Quarter	98	90	82
2nd "	99	87	82

The cost-of-living Index Number has moved practically with food prices.

The effective demand for purchasing power depends partly on the volume of trade and partly on the level of prices and wages. The above figures indicate that the latter, so far from being stable, have fallen probably as much as 10 per cent.—perhaps more. If this is correct the volume of trade must have increased somewhat,—a conclusion which is also in accordance

with the direct evidence of the employment figures and other data. The volume of employment, for example, has risen nearly 5 per cent., whilst other tests, such as output of coal, iron and steel, shipbuilding commenced, and tonnage of goods entering and leaving British ports, yield much higher figures of improvement. On the whole, if we are to risk a generalization, it might be fairly accurate to say that during the past eighteen months, purchasing power has been deflated 10 per cent., the effective level of prices and wages has fallen 10 per cent., and the activity of trade and employment throughout the country has increased by 5 per cent. or more.

This represents a gallant effort on the part of business, in face of a falling price level and curtailed credit. But it has seemed latterly, with the added discouragement of the European situation, that the struggle is too severe. The above figures indicate that the Bank of England has succeeded in restricting credit to such an extent that no increase of business activity is possible without a further fall in the level of prices and wages,—a process which necessarily discourages new business, so long as it is going on.

We have had, during the period under review, the rare combination of a falling price level and expanding business,—both of them are indicative that an expansion of credit is required. Nevertheless the Bank of England has been using its secret and enormous powers to contract credit by no less an amount than 10 per cent. No one, least of all the writer of this page, will deny the evil influence on trade of the Ruhr occupation. But this is an *extra* reason for not discouraging trade in other ways. If the Labour Party are interested in remediable causes of unemployment, they would do well to cast their eyes more frequently and searchingly than they have done hitherto in the direction of monetary policy.

We should like to support most strongly the recommendation of an admirable article by Dr. E. C. Snow in the "Manchester Guardian Commercial" that there should be an authoritative inquiry into the methods of compilation of Index Numbers. Some of those which are most widely quoted are open to serious criticism, if not for all purposes, at least for many of those to which they are in fact applied. The method of compilation ought to depend upon the precise purpose for which the Index Number is to be used to an extent which is seldom understood. Two recent events reinforce his argument. The dockers' strike was partly due to lack of confidence in the official cost-of-living Index Number. The Board of Trade Index Number of the Wholesale Cost of Food rose from 147 in May to 153 in June; whilst the Statist (Sauerbeck) Index Number, also of the wholesale cost of food, fell from 163 in May to 154 in June. If one of the two most familiar index numbers rises 9 points and the other falls 9 points during the same month for the same limited category of articles, what is one to say? In 1887 the British Association appointed a Committee of Inquiry into the subject, the report of which remained for many years the leading authority. Perhaps the subject is better suited for inquiry by learned bodies than by the Government. Should not the British Association, the Royal Statistical Society, and the Royal Economic Society be urged to appoint a Joint Committee of Investigation?

J. M. K.

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